

NO. 29



TINKLE



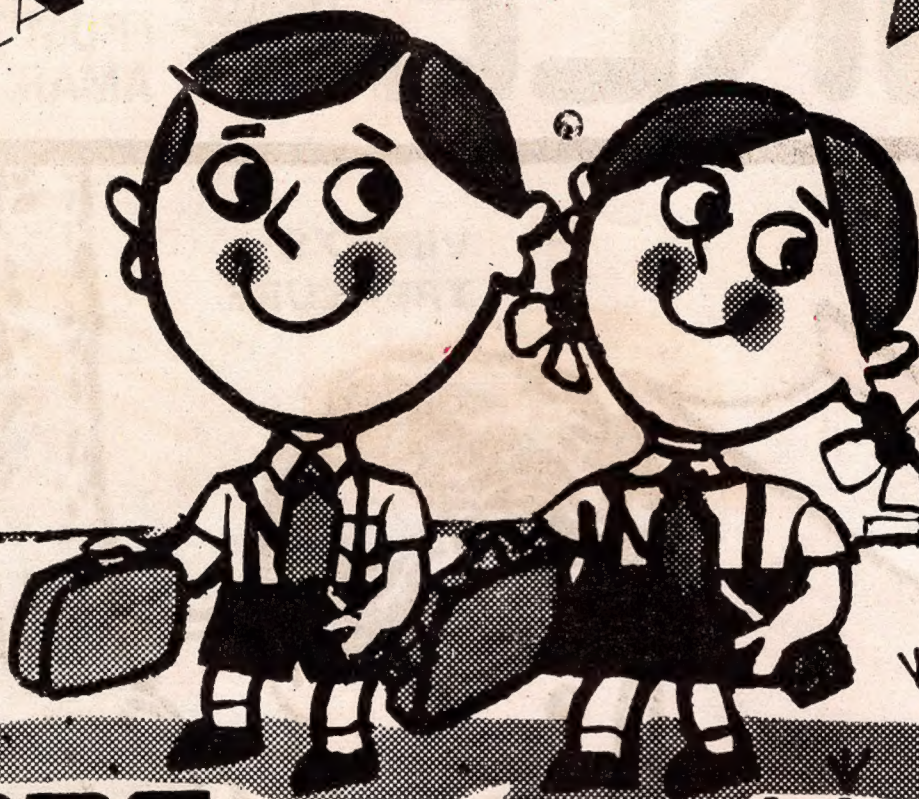
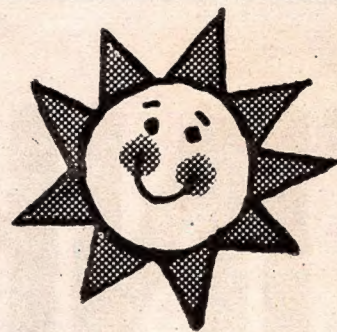
THE FORTNIGHTLY
FOR CHILDREN
FROM THE HOUSE OF
AMAR CHITRA KATHA

VINOO'S
TREASURE

MEET
THE
BAYA
WEAVER



READY,
STEADY, GO!



WITH

Jalans

SCHOOL BAG

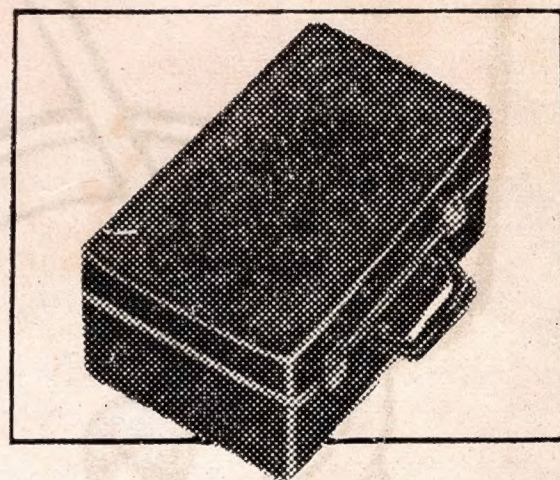
- ★ It is for you, light as you wanted it to be, but roomy enough for all your books, tiffin box, pencil box and even comics.

Created in colours of Cherry Navy blue, Green.....to match your School Uniform and likes. Carry it anywhere you want after school to swim, picnics or even a short holiday.

like it? Now get your folks to present you one on your birthday.

- ★ INDIA'S First Moulded School Bag made for you by—

Jalans Creation
for modern needs.



**SHREE LAXMI
ENTERPRISES**

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February 20, 1983

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VINOO'S TREASURE

Story & Script by
H. Atmaram

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

VINOO STOOD LOOKING OUT
AT THE RAIN.

I CAN'T
GO OUT TO
PLAY! WHAT
SHALL I DO?

DON'T STAND
THERE. YOU'LL
CATCH A COLD. GO,
DO YOUR
HOMEWORK.

HOMEWORK!
HUMPH!

I'LL PLAY WITH
MY TREASURES!

HE STOOD AND GAZED AT HIS TREASURES—
ENCY THE KLOPED, NOISY DRUM, OILY PAINT,
MARBLES AND HIDDEN IN A CORNER, TOP THE
SPINNER.

WHAT SHALL I PLAY
WITH?

THE TREASURES TOO WERE WONDERING WHICH OF THEM HE WOULD PLAY WITH.

WILL IT BE
ME?

WILL I BE
THE LUCKY
ONE?

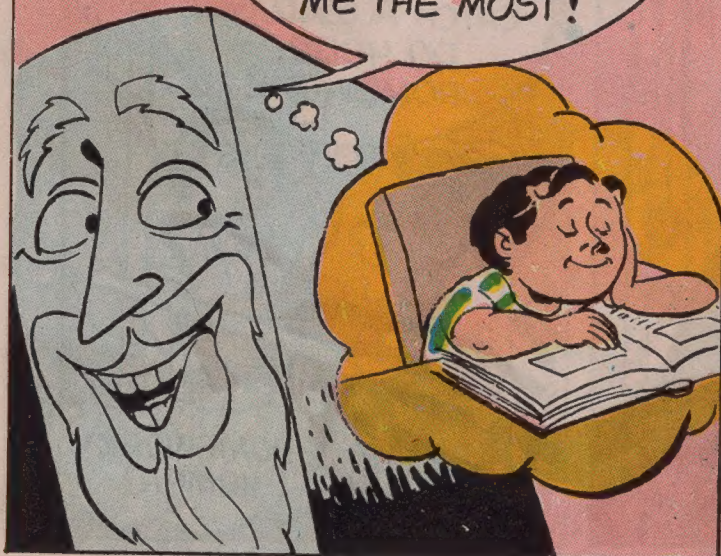
HE CAN'T
RESIST
US.

I'M SURE
HE'LL WANT
TO PAINT.

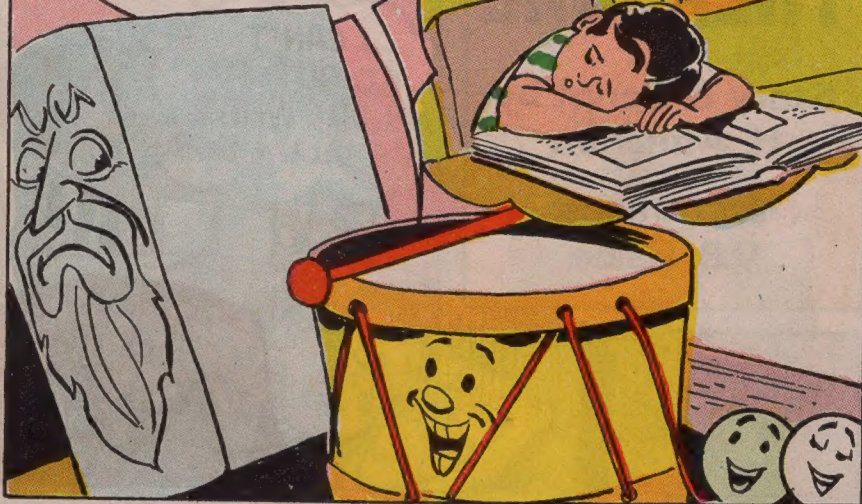
IF ONLY...
BUT
I KNOW—
HE WON'T
PICK
ME!

IT HAD ALL BEGUN WITH ENCY'S BOAST.

AMONGST ALL OF US HERE, VINOOS LIKE ME THE MOST!



OH, NO! YOU PUT HIM TO SLEEP, ENCY! EVEN I CAN'T WAKE HIM UP, THEN!



ENCY MAY MAKE A FINE PILLOW FOR VINOOS. BUT WE ARE HIS FAVOURITES.



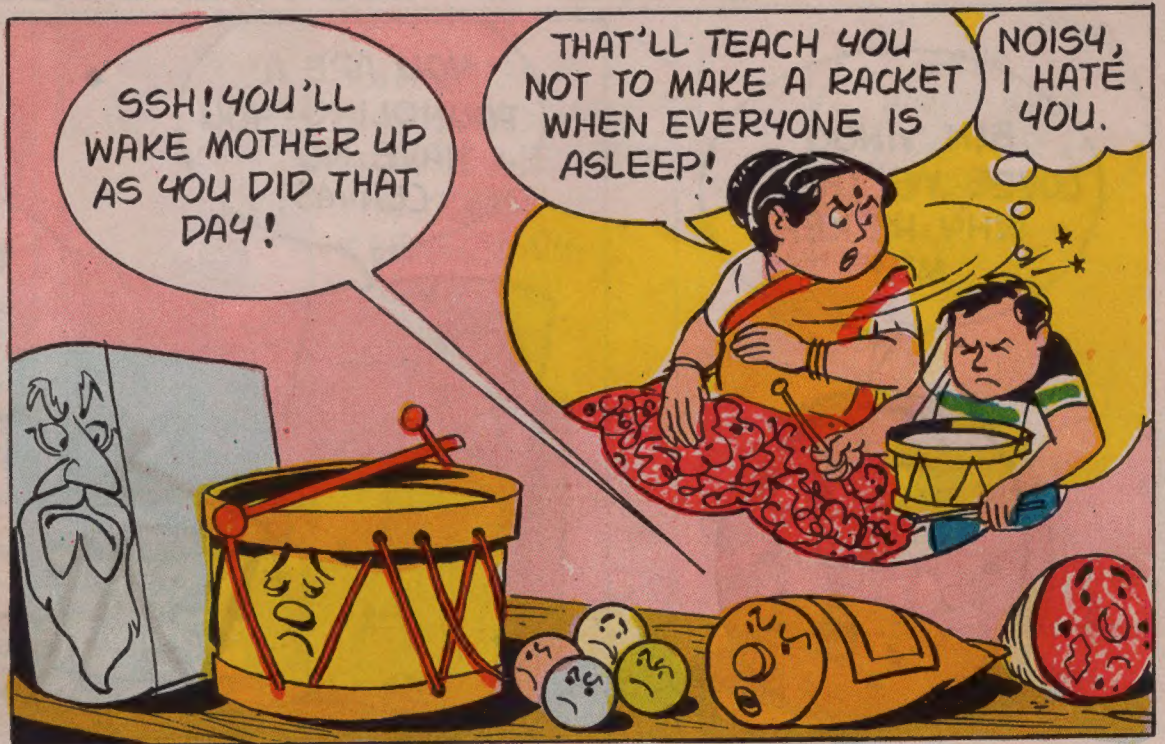
WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THOSE MARBLES?

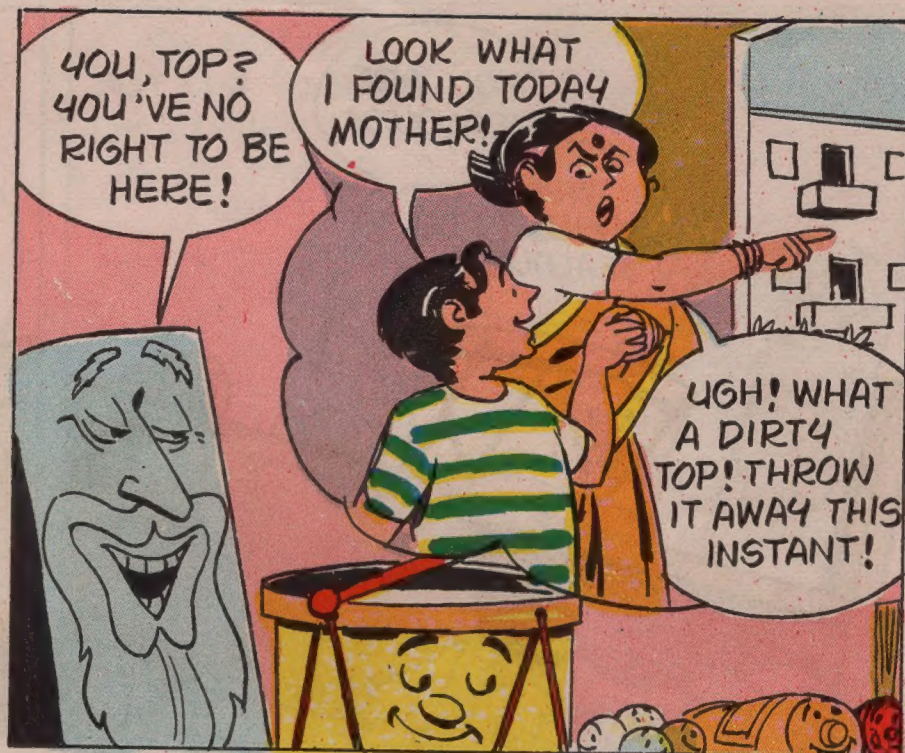
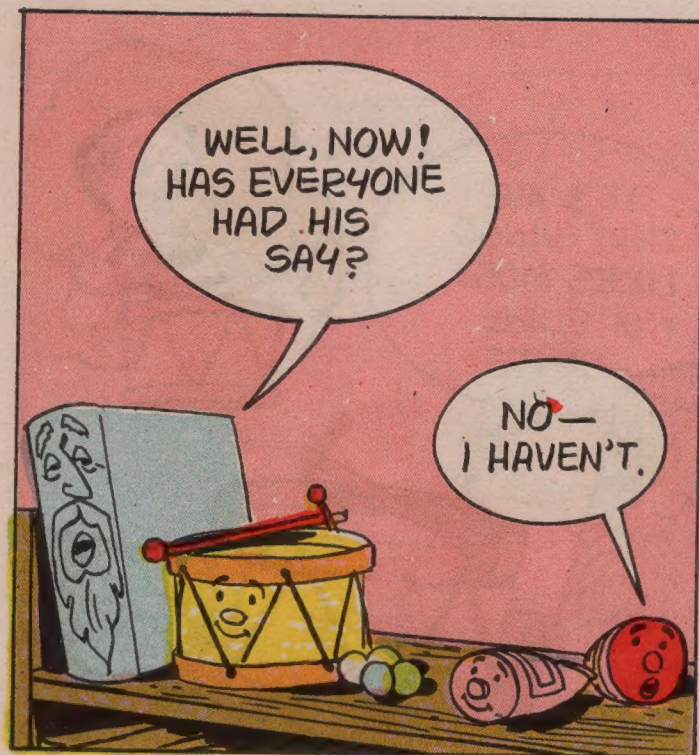
I WON THEM, MOTHER!

HA! YOU'LL SOON GET THROWN OUT.

WON THEM? NONSENSE! GO, GIVE THEM BACK OR I'LL THROW ALL OF THEM OUT!



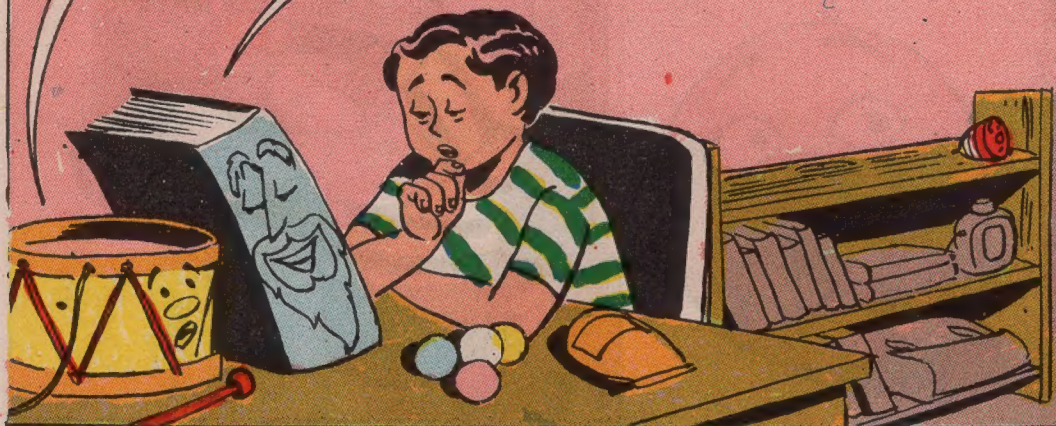




VINOO PICKED UP EVERY ONE OF HIS TREASURES EXCEPT POOR TOP.

WHAT IS HE UP TO?

LET'S WAIT AND SEE.



IT WAS ENCY WHOM VINOO TOOK UP FIRST.

T...TO...TOP!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TOP, ENCY?



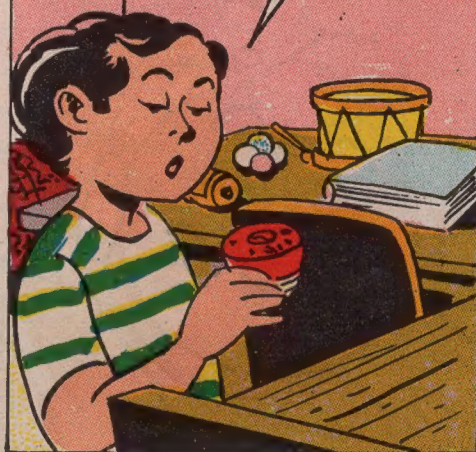
MORE THAN TOP HIMSELF DOES!
READ ON, VINOO.



OH! ENCY IS A BORE! MOTHER IS FAST ASLEEP!
THE COAST IS CLEAR. I CAN SPIN TOP.



BUT WHAT WILL I DO FOR A STRING?

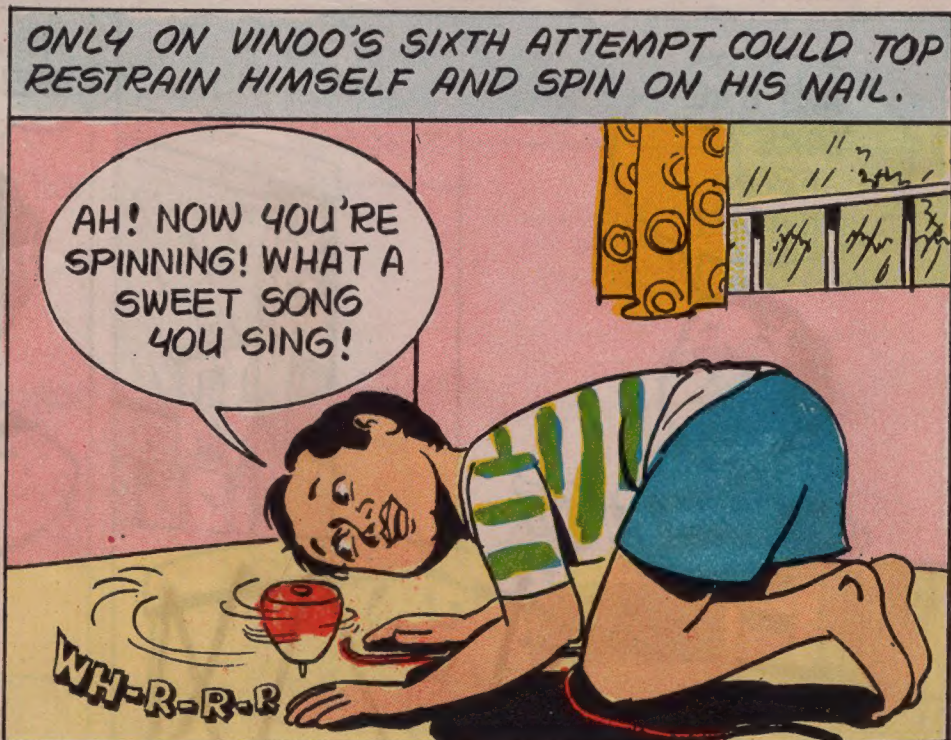
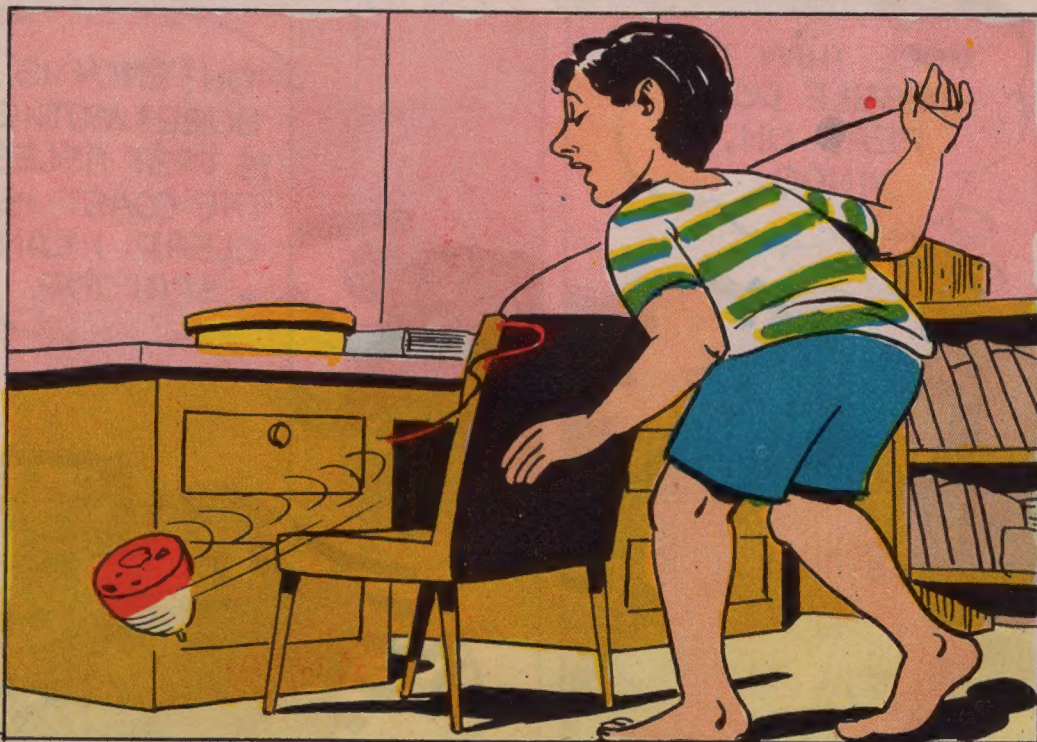
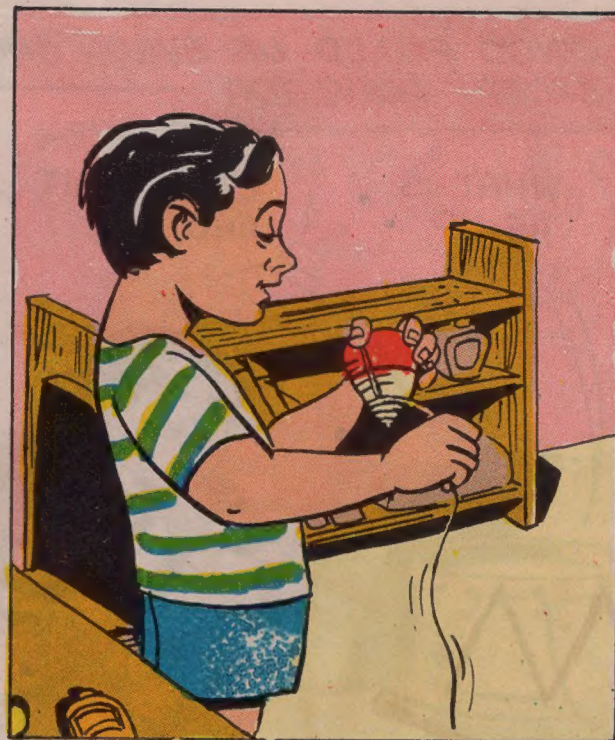


AH! I'LL TAKE IT FROM NOISY!



HELP! HELP! I'M BEING ROBBED!





WHEN VINOOS HAD PLAYED LONG ENOUGH —

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A NEW TOP.



I'LL GLUE THIS MARBLE ON YOUR HEAD FIRST...



...GIVE YOU A COAT OF PAINT...

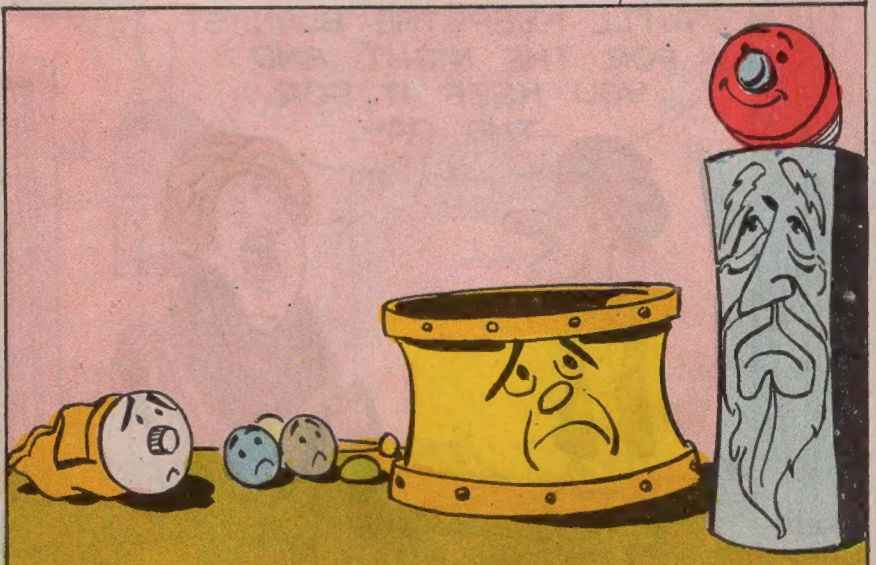


...AND THERE! YOU LOOK GREAT!



VINOOS.

BUT NO MORE GAMES TILL YOU'RE DRY! MOTHER'S CALLING ME NOW. BYE!



NOW THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT IN ANY ONE'S MIND ABOUT WHO WAS VINOOS'S FAVOURITE!

READERS' CHOICE

THE PARTITION

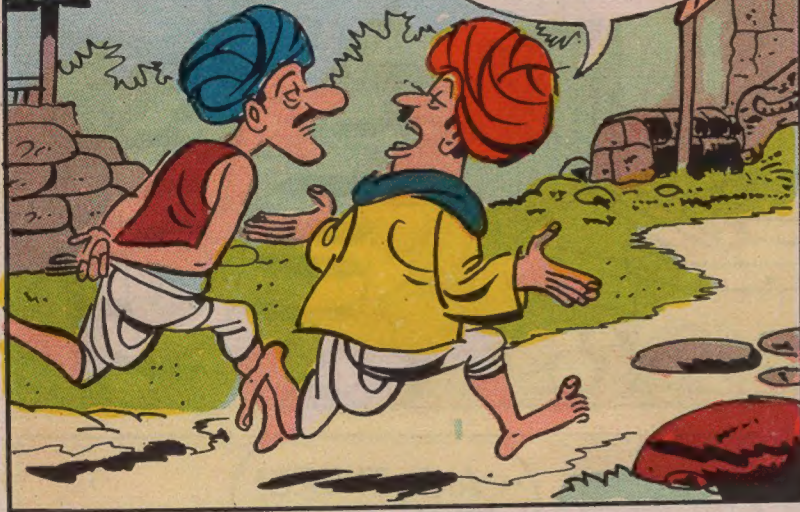
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar



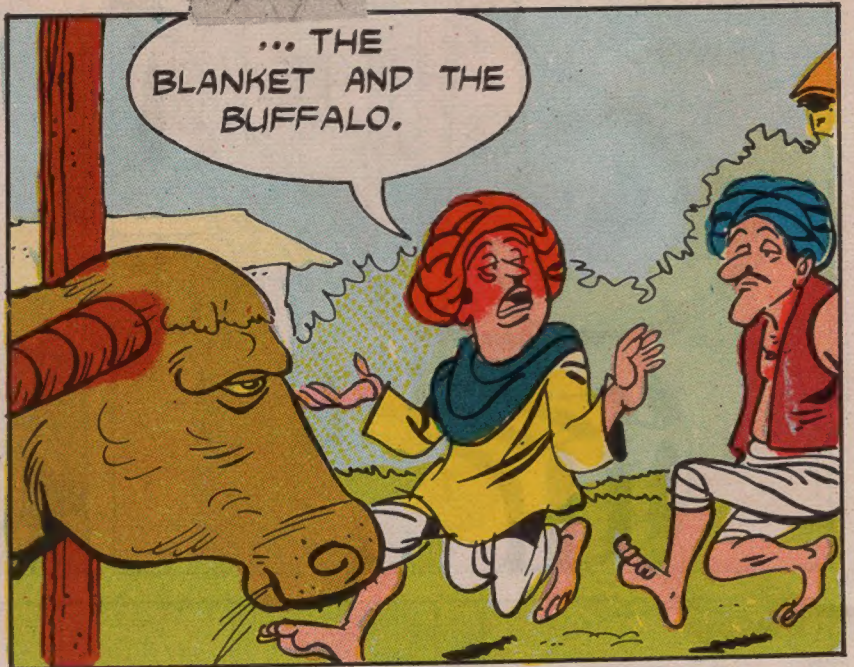
Based on a story sent by
Shiv Narayan Malviya,
Indore.

ONCE THERE WERE
TWO BROTHERS —
CHATURA AND BHOLA.

... NOW WE
HAVE JUST TWO
THINGS LEFT
TO DIVIDE...



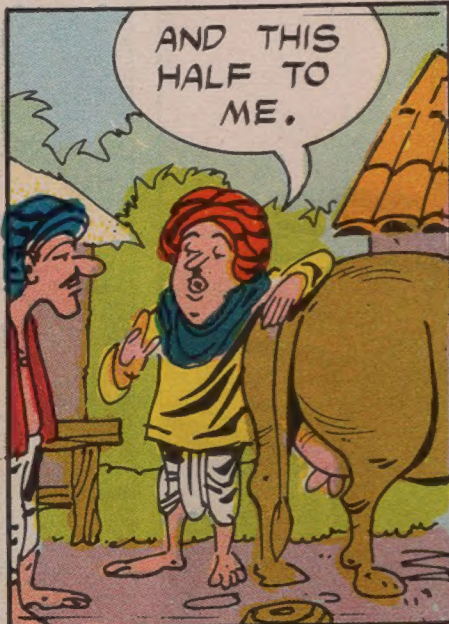
... THE
BLANKET AND THE
BUFFALO.



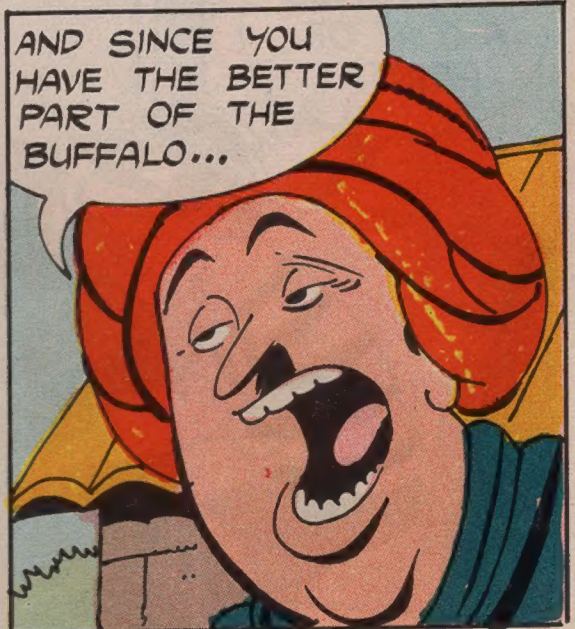
THE FRONT HALF
WILL BELONG
TO YOU.



AND THIS
HALF TO
ME.



AND SINCE YOU
HAVE THE BETTER
PART OF THE
BUFFALO...



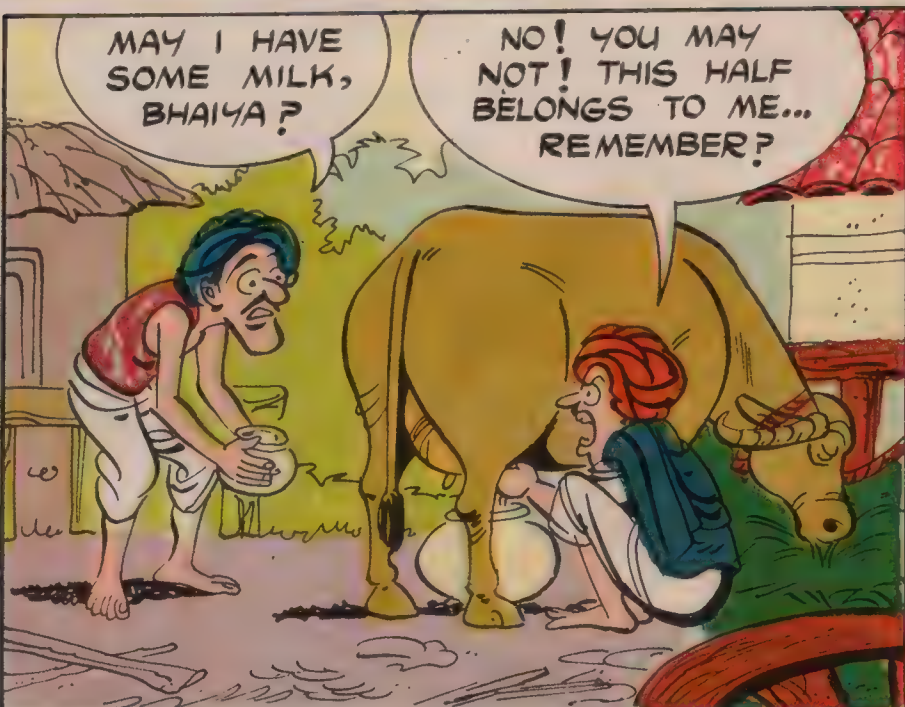
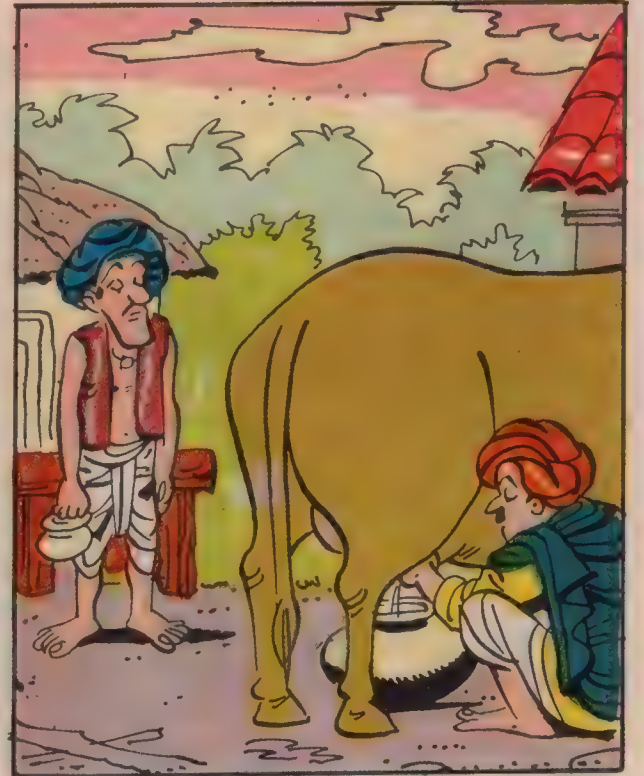
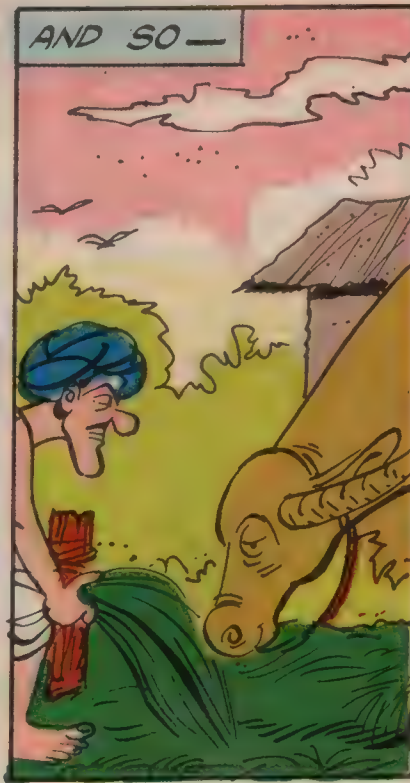
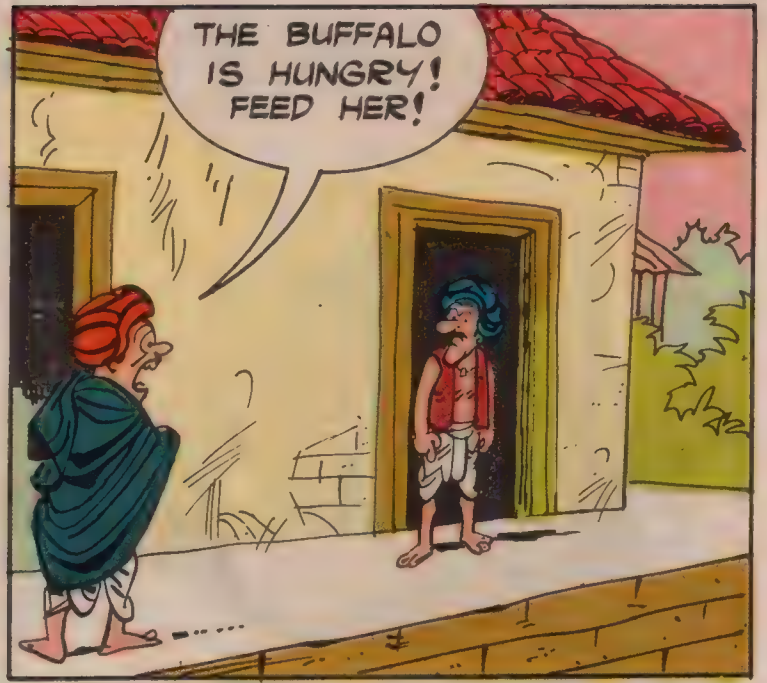
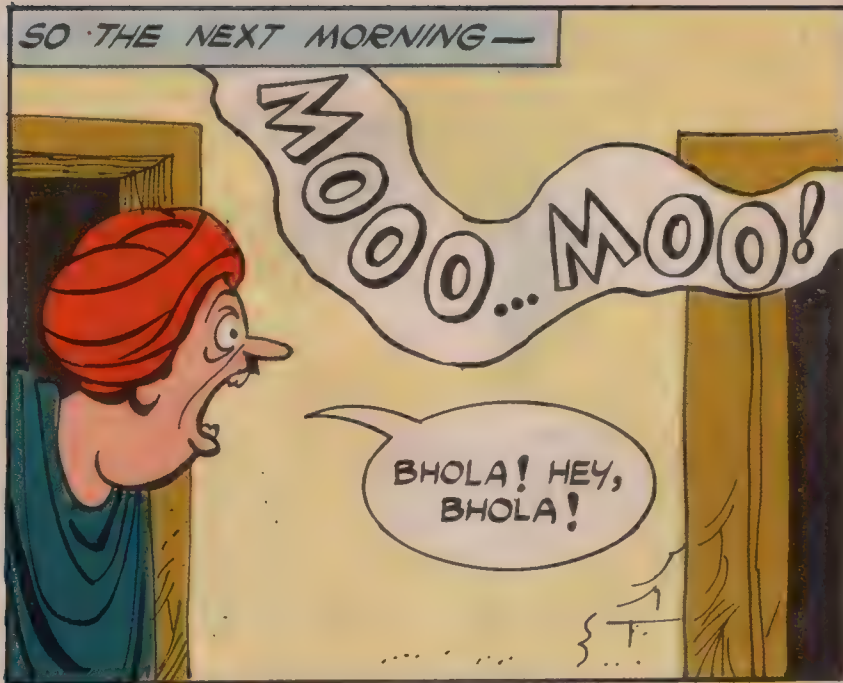
... I'LL KEEP THE BLANKET
FOR THE NIGHT AND
YOU KEEP IT FOR
THE DAY.



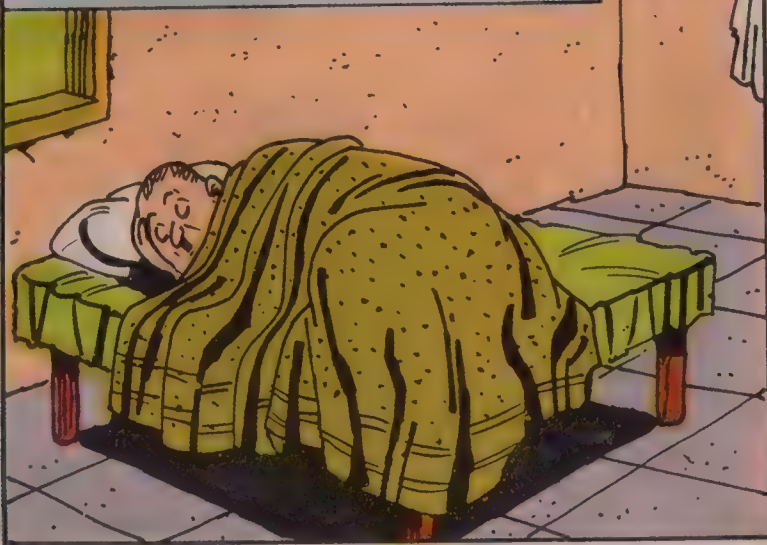
I HAVE BEEN VERY
FAIR AS ALWAYS,
HAVEN'T I?

OH, YES!
YOU HAVE
BHAIIYA.





AT NIGHT THE BLANKET KEPT CHATURA WARM AND COZY...



...WHILE POOR BHOLA SHIVERED.



THEN ONE DAY, BHOLA WENT TO THE VILLAGE CHIEF AND TOLD HIM HIS STORY.



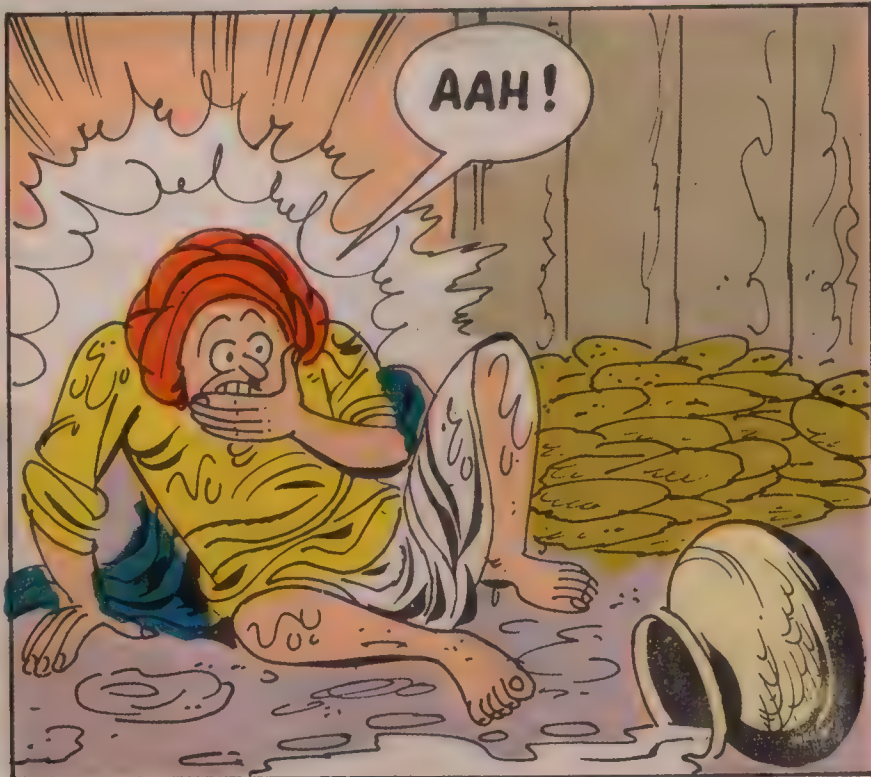
THERE IS A WAY OUT. DO AS I SAY. LISTEN...

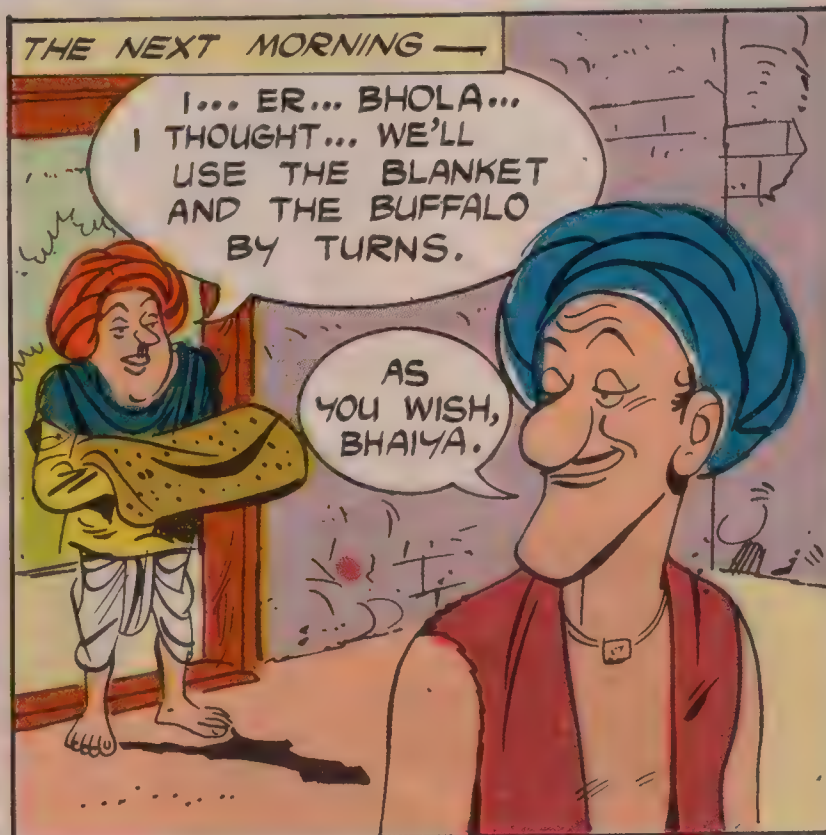
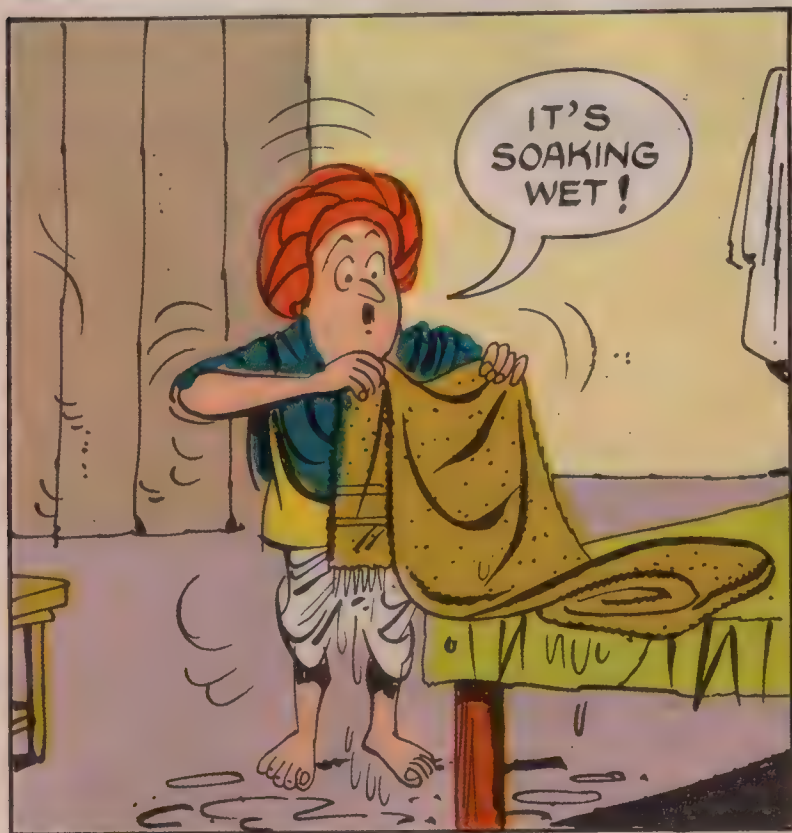
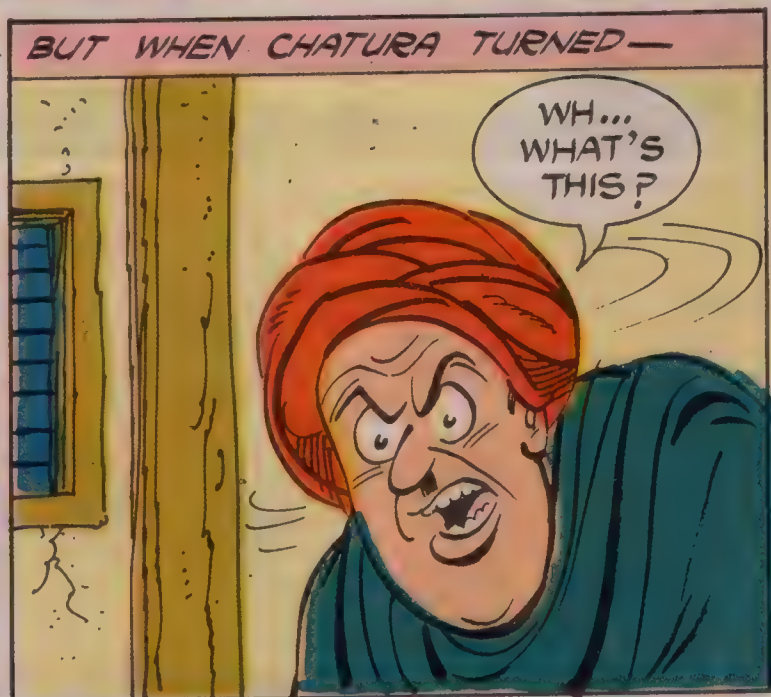
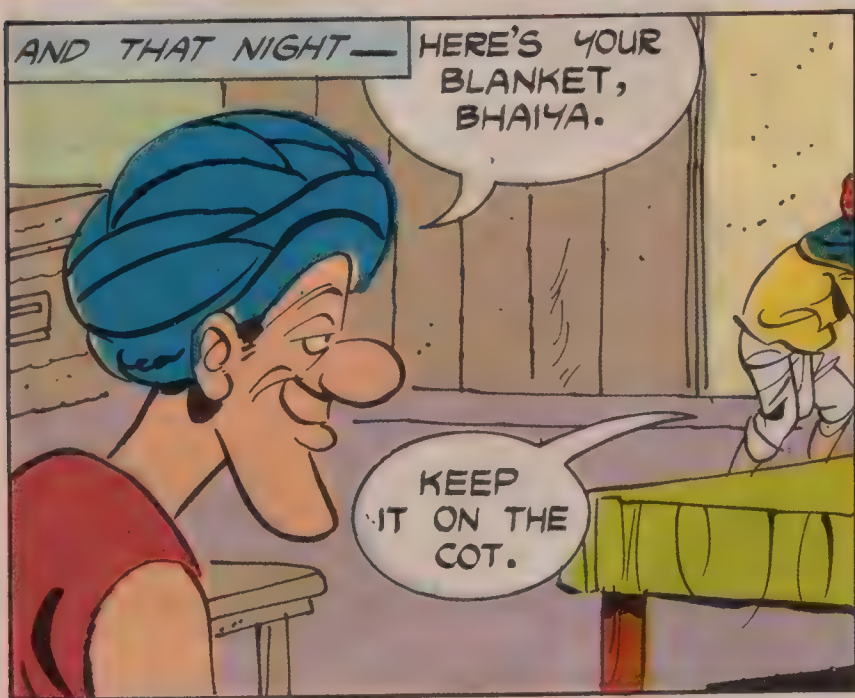
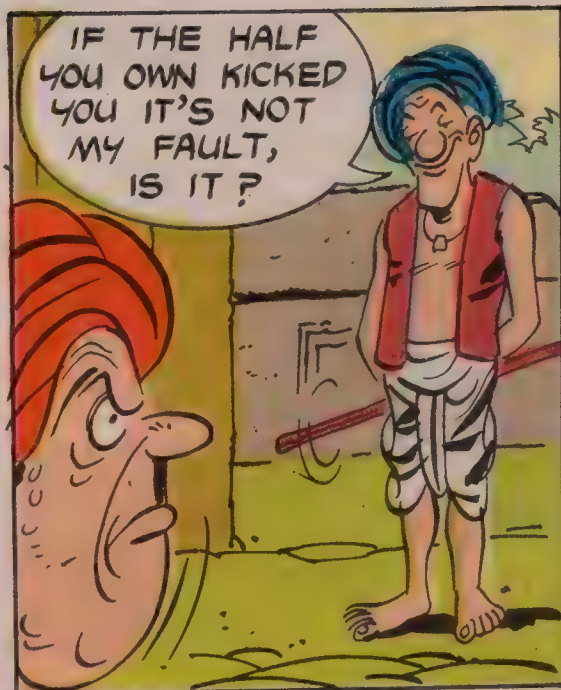


THE NEXT MORNING, AS CHATURA BEGAN TO MILK THE BUFFALO —



AAH!





THE BRIDGE

Illustrations: M. Mohandas

READERS'
CHOICE

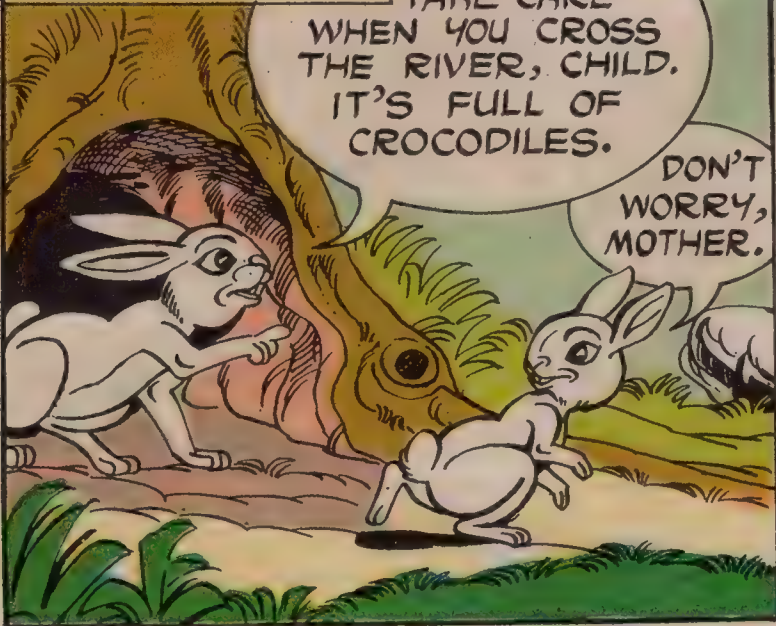


Based on a story sent by
Suhail Dil Nawaz,
Bangalore.

ONCE A BABY RABBIT SET OUT TO
VISIT HIS UNCLE.

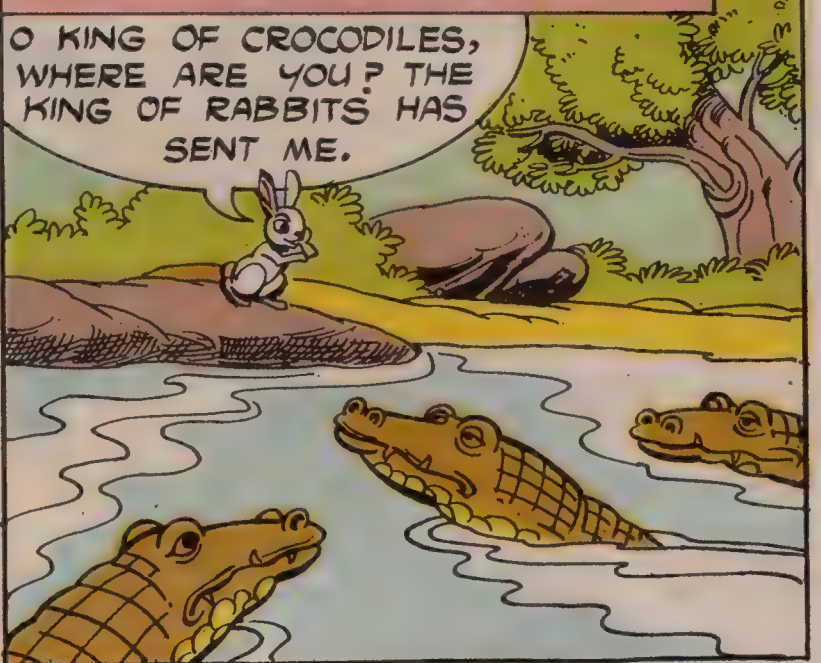
TAKE CARE
WHEN YOU CROSS
THE RIVER, CHILD.
IT'S FULL OF
CROCODILES.

DON'T
WORRY,
MOTHER.

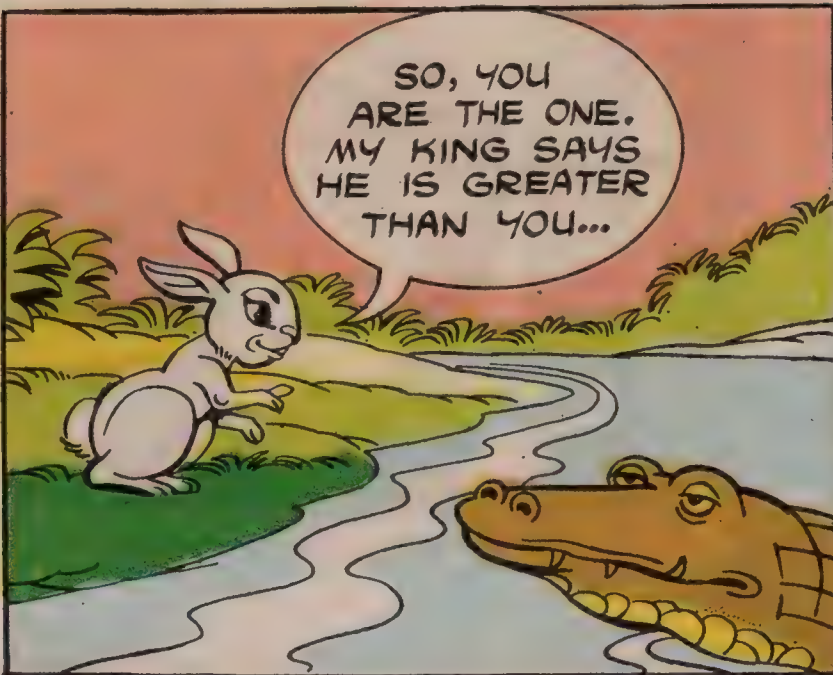


WHEN HE REACHED THE RIVER —

O KING OF CROCODILES,
WHERE ARE YOU? THE
KING OF RABBITS HAS
SENT ME.

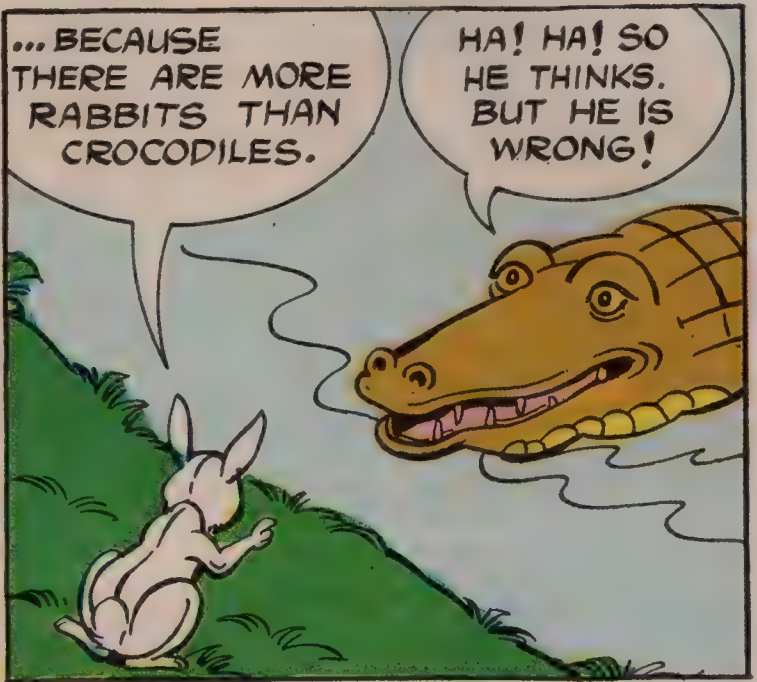


SO, YOU
ARE THE ONE.
MY KING SAYS
HE IS GREATER
THAN YOU...



... BECAUSE
THERE ARE MORE
RABBITS THAN
CROCODILES.

HA! HA! SO
HE THINKS.
BUT HE IS
WRONG!

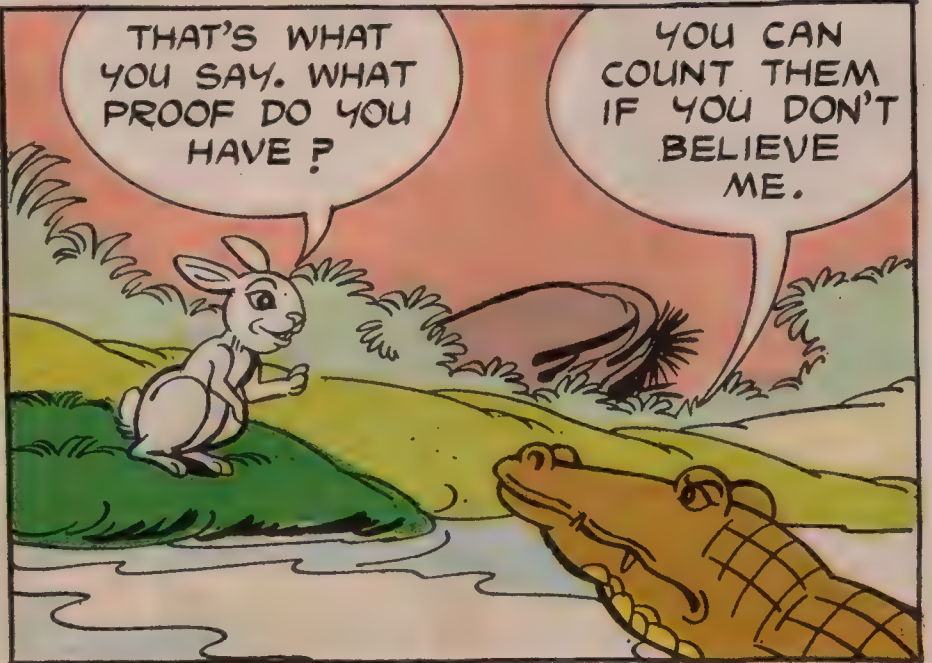


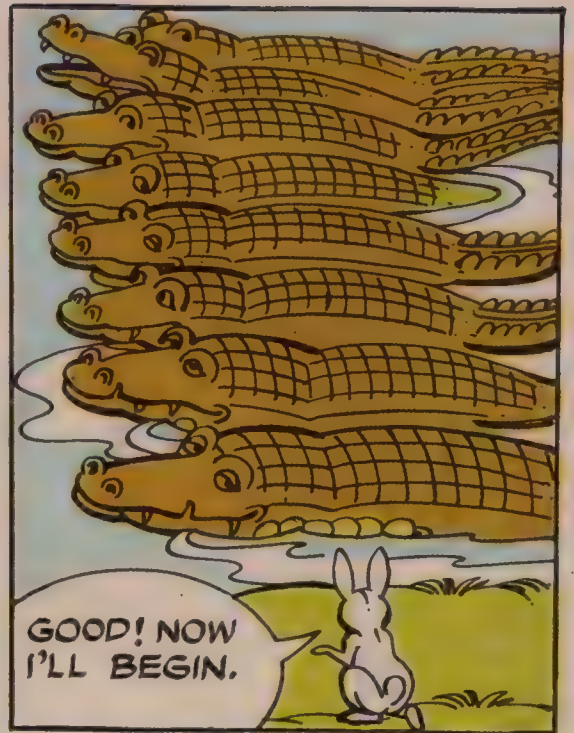
THERE ARE
MORE CROCODILES
THAN RABBITS.

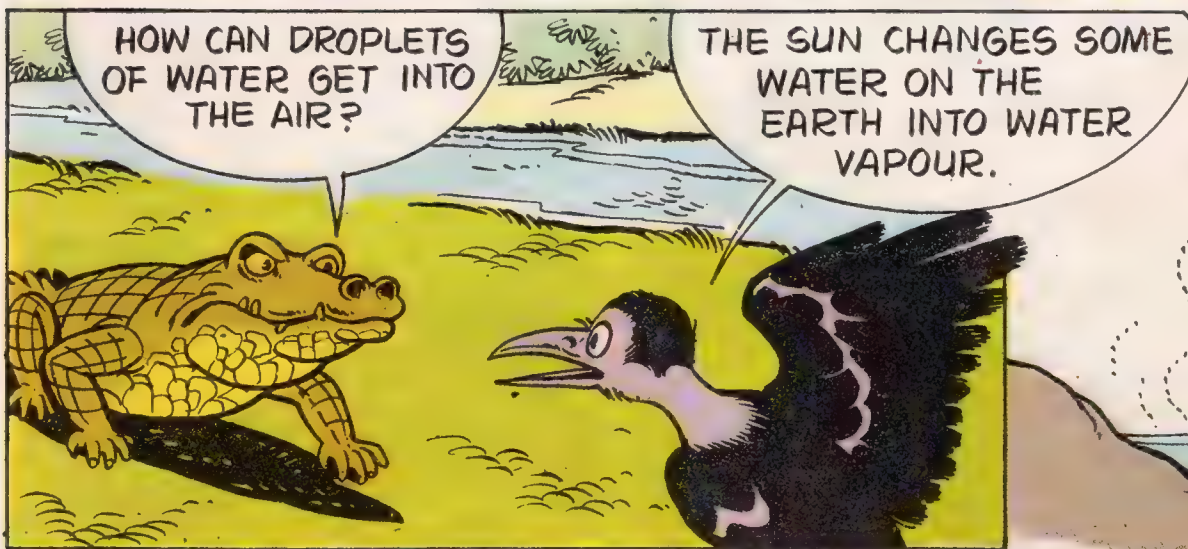
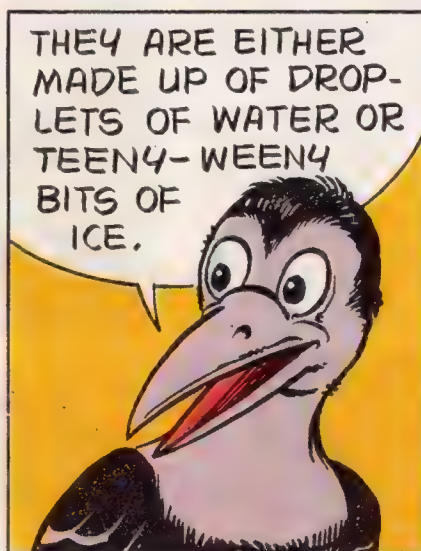
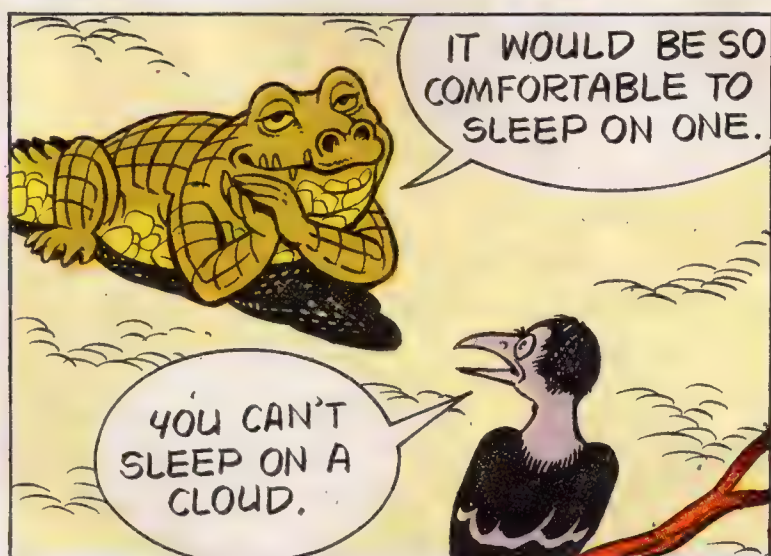
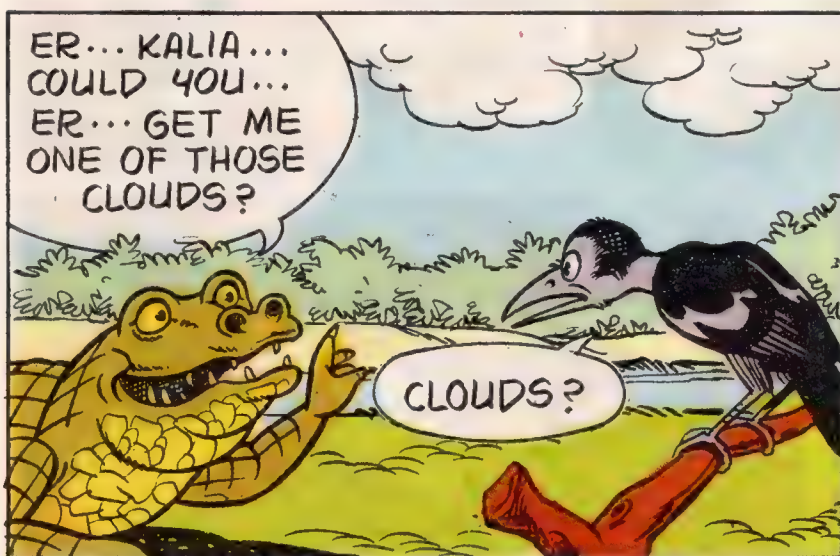
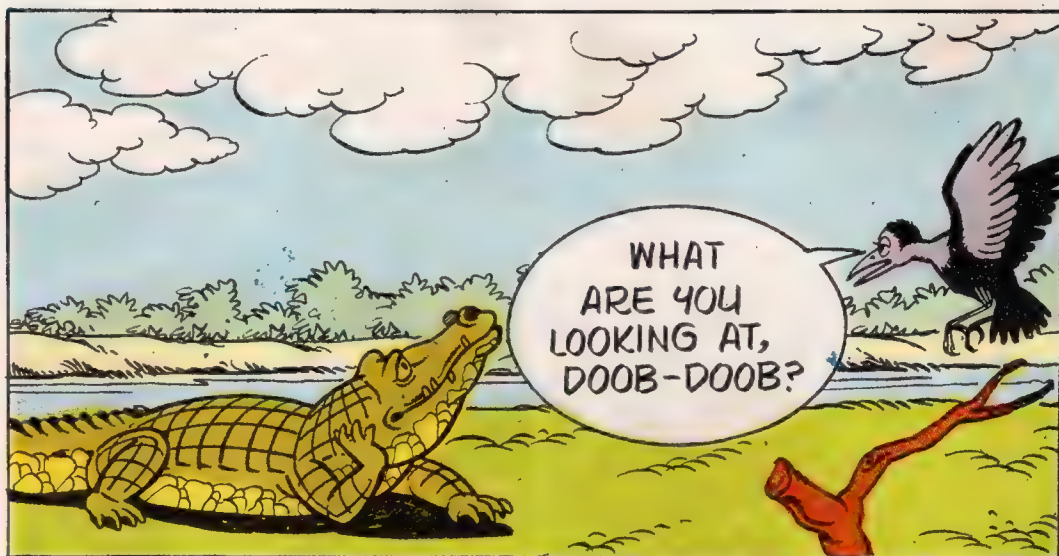
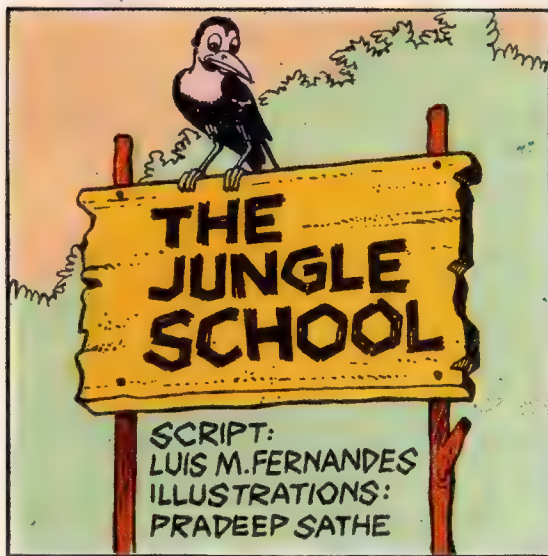


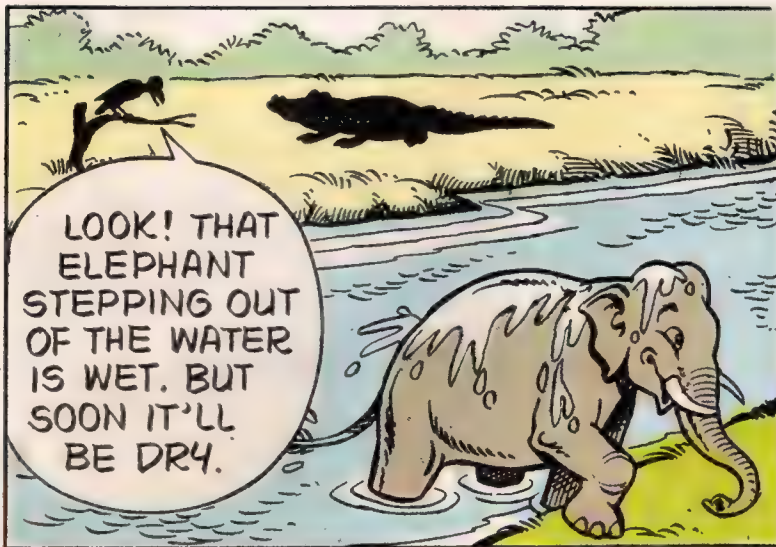
THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAY. WHAT
PROOF DO YOU
HAVE?

YOU CAN
COUNT THEM
IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE
ME.





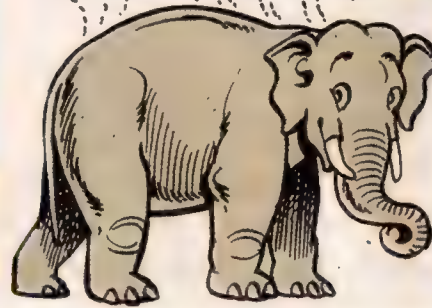




LOOK! THAT ELEPHANT STEPPING OUT OF THE WATER IS WET. BUT SOON IT'LL BE DRY.

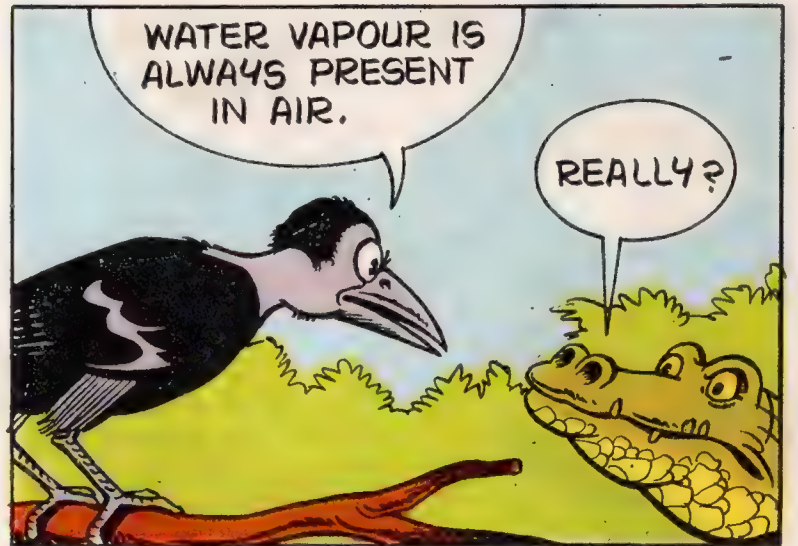


THAT'S BECAUSE THE SUN WILL TURN THE WATER ON ITS BODY INTO WATER VAPOUR AND IT WILL GO INTO THE AIR.



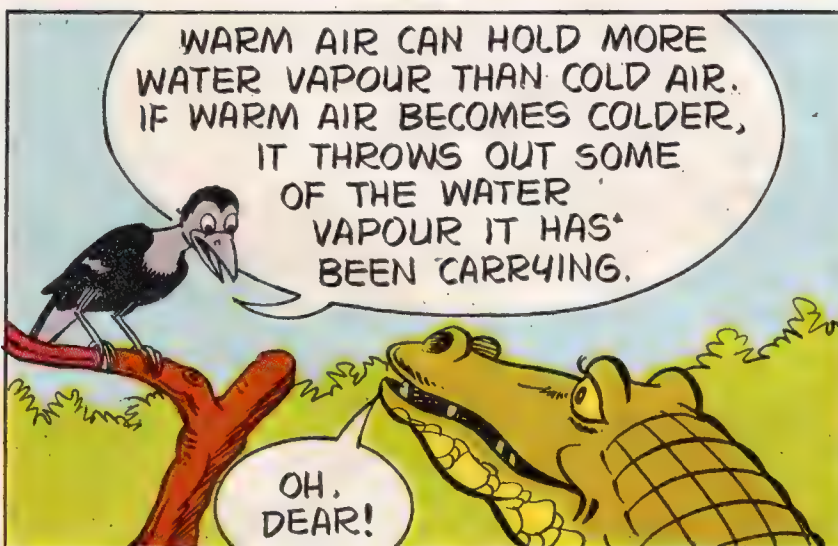
THE ELEPHANT WILL GO INTO THE AIR?

NOT THE ELEPHANT, YOU DUNCE. THE WATER VAPOUR.



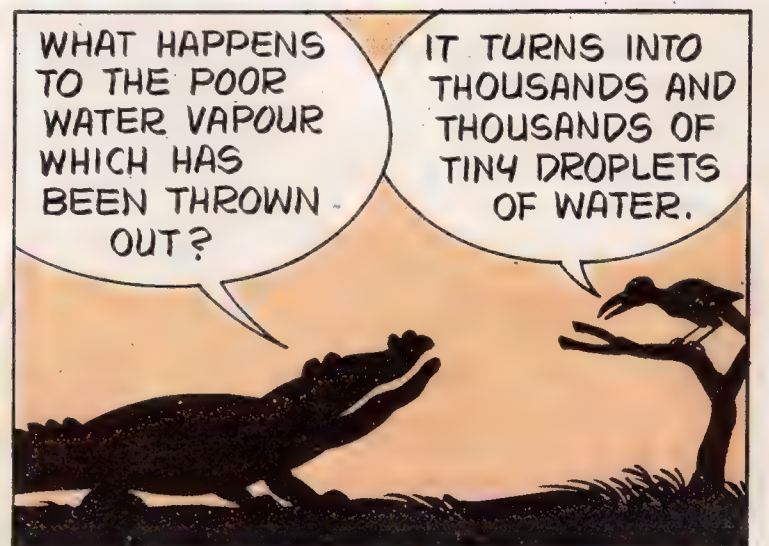
WATER VAPOUR IS ALWAYS PRESENT IN AIR.

REALLY?



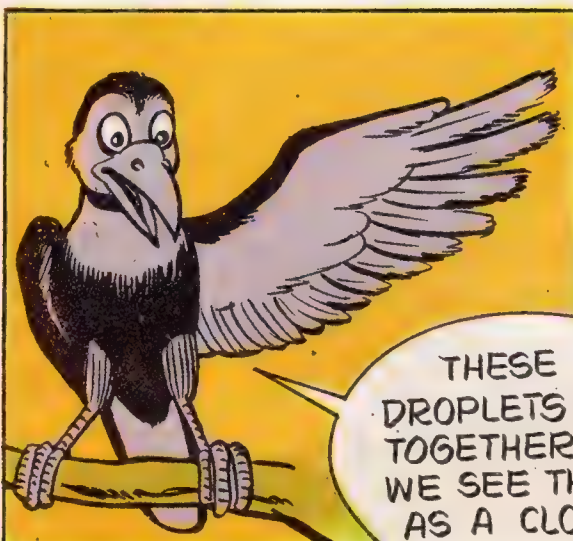
WARM AIR CAN HOLD MORE WATER VAPOUR THAN COLD AIR. IF WARM AIR BECOMES COLDER, IT THROWS OUT SOME OF THE WATER VAPOUR IT HAS BEEN CARRYING.

OH, DEAR!

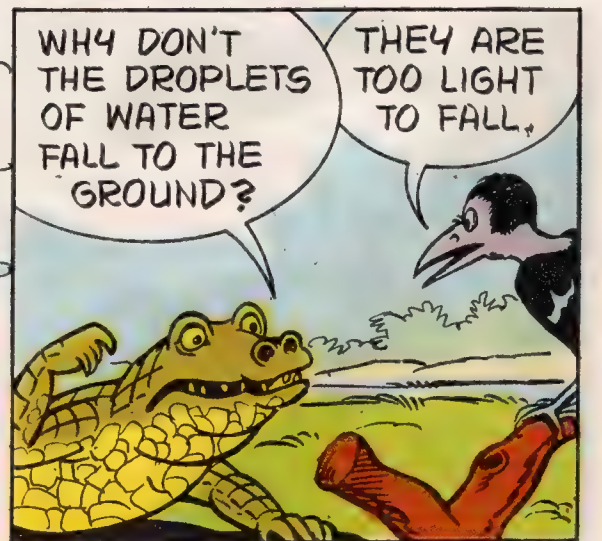
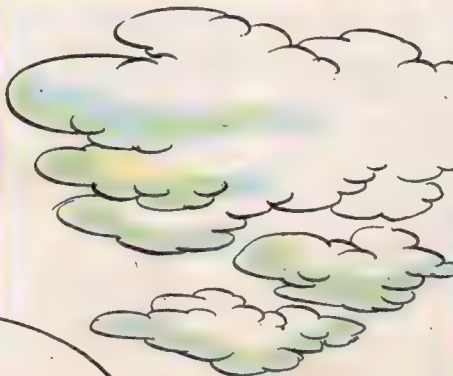


WHAT HAPPENS TO THE POOR WATER VAPOUR WHICH HAS BEEN THROWN OUT?

IT TURNS INTO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF TINY DROPLETS OF WATER.



THESE DROPLETS STAY TOGETHER AND WE SEE THEM AS A CLOUD.



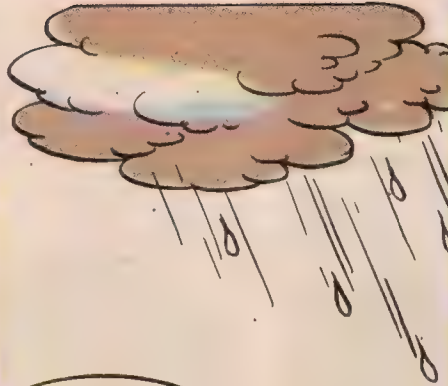
WHY DON'T THE DROPLETS OF WATER FALL TO THE GROUND?

THEY ARE TOO LIGHT TO FALL.

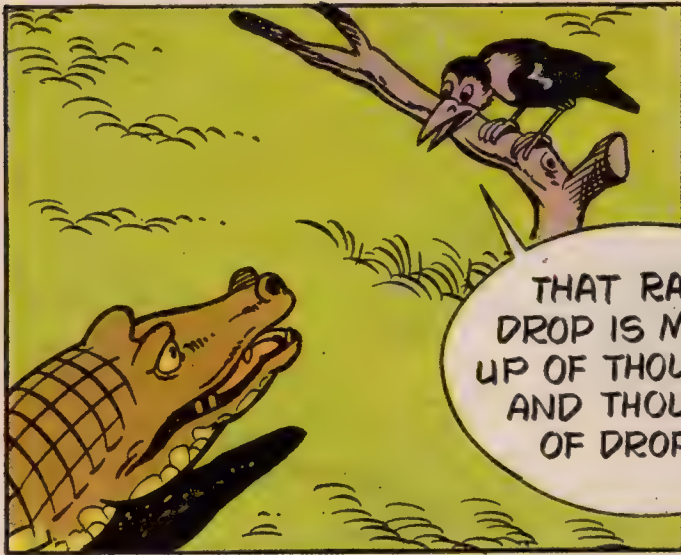
SOMETIMES, HOWEVER THEY JOIN TOGETHER TO FORM BIG DROPS AND THESE DROPS ARE HEAVY ENOUGH TO FALL.



AND WHEN THEY FALL WE SAY IT IS RAINING.

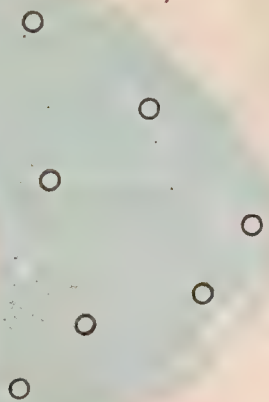


IT'S RAINING!

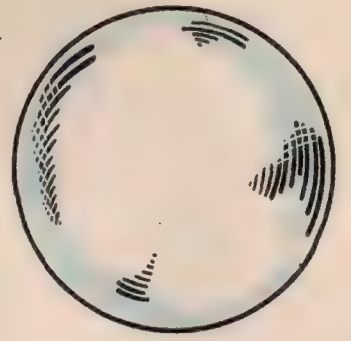


THAT RAIN DROP IS MADE UP OF THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DROPLETS.

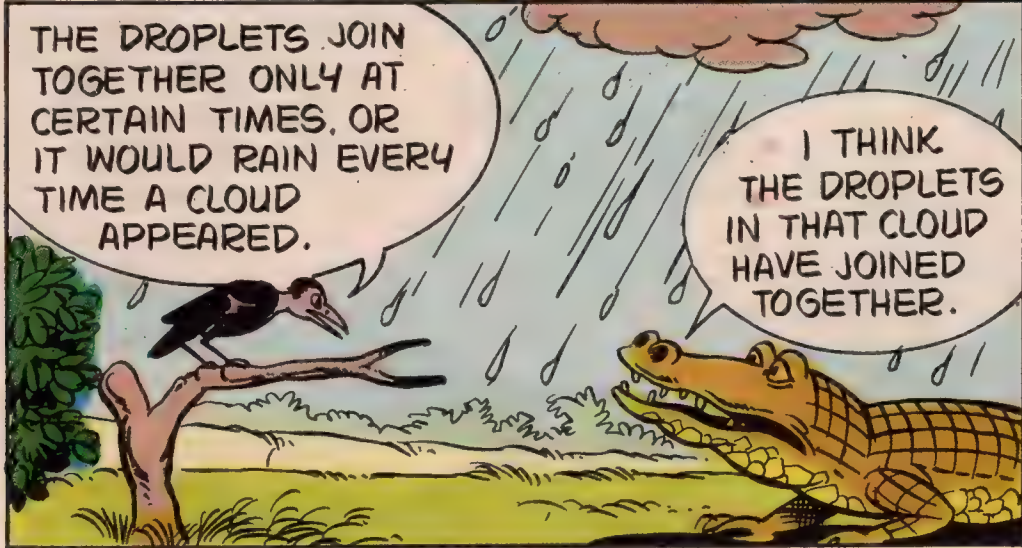
CLOUD DROPLETS (ENLARGED)



SMALLEST RAINDROP (ENLARGED)

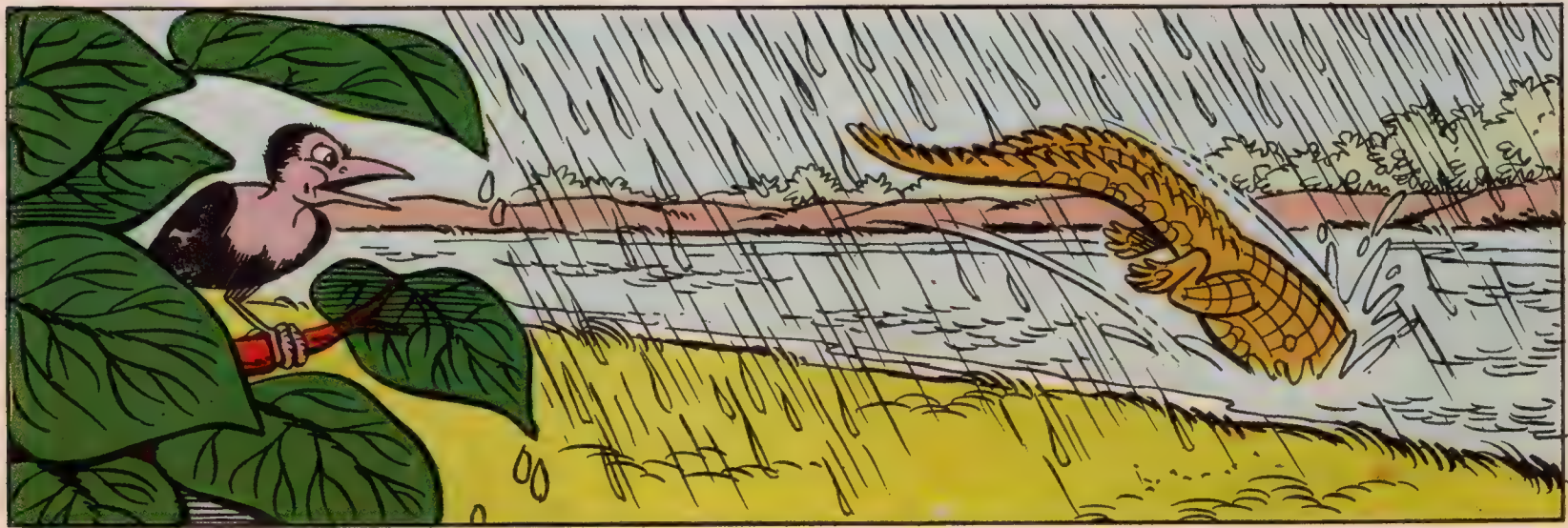
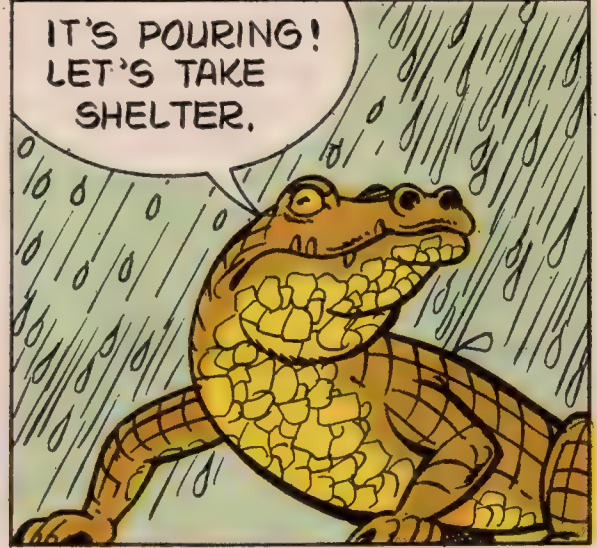


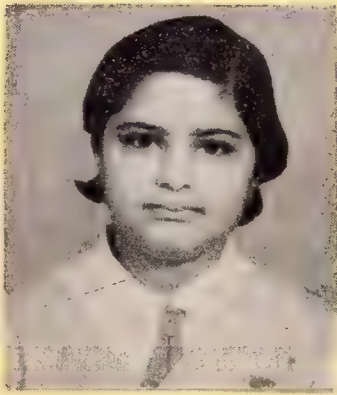
THE DROPLETS JOIN TOGETHER ONLY AT CERTAIN TIMES, OR IT WOULD RAIN EVERY TIME A CLOUD APPEARED.



I THINK THE DROPLETS IN THAT CLOUD HAVE JOINED TOGETHER.

IT'S POURING! LET'S TAKE SHELTER.





Gopika Haksar

EDITOR'S CHOICE



My young friends,

One day, a little fish was swimming with her mother. The water was clear and warm, but the little fish wanted to swim faster and further. So she swam on and on till she reached the river bank. She looked around and there, growing on the bank, she saw a bean-stalk and on the bean-stalk, a big, fat bean. The little fish thought she had never seen anything so funny.

"Hello there, Fatso!" she called to the bean.

"Hello Midget!" the bean called back.

The little fish did not like to be called a midget. She burst into tears and hurried off to complain to her mother about it.

"Oh, Mother," she wailed, "that mean bean called me a midget! I'm not so tiny, am I? I even have a tail!"

"That's strange! Mr. Bean is usually very polite. We'll go and ask him what made him say such a thing."

And mother and daughter swam to the bank.

"Good morning, Mr. Bean!" called mother fish.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. Fish!" the bean called back ever so politely,

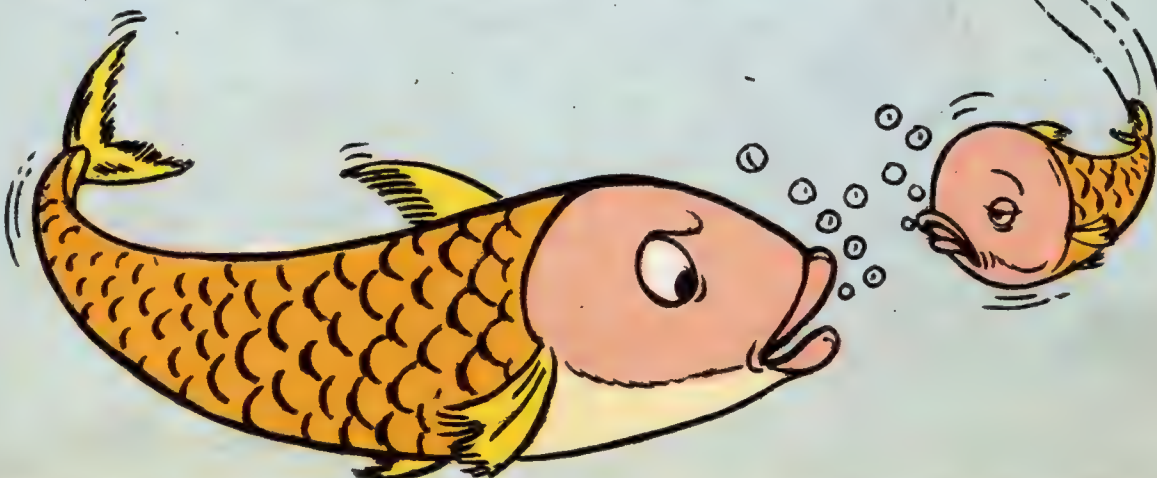
"Tell me, Mr. Bean, what made you hurt my little daughter's feelings? Why did you call her Midget?"

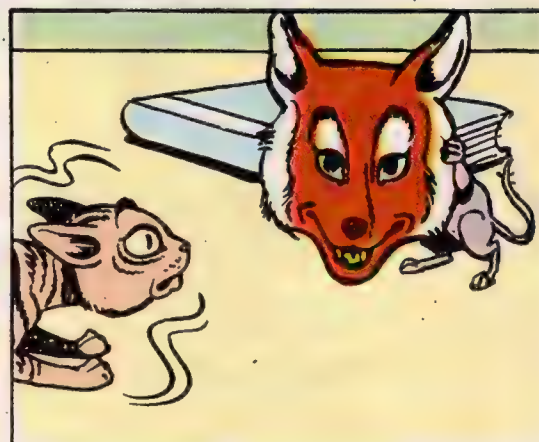
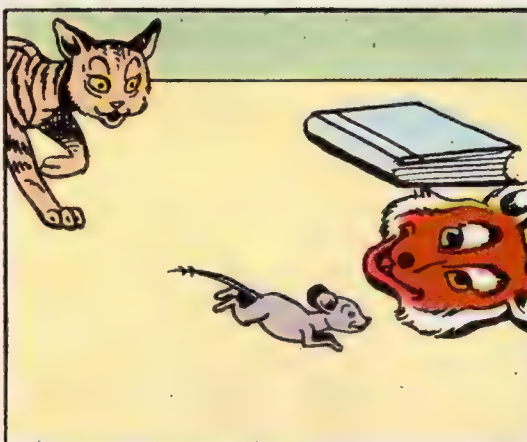
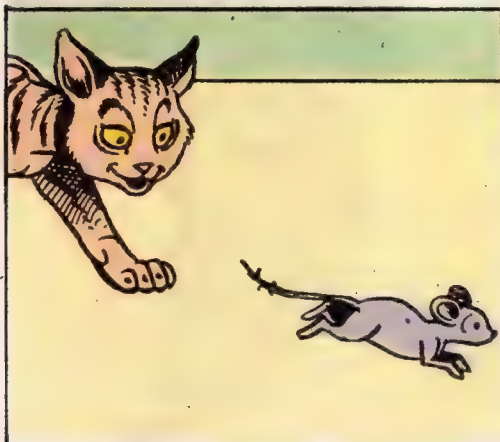
"She only got as good as she gave, Mrs. Fish. She called me Fatso, so I called her Midget in return!"

Affectionately yours,

Anant Pai

Uncle Pai





Readers' Mail

'Though I love to read 'TINKLE' very much, I cannot appreciate your decision about stopping the gift coupons scheme. I am fairly certain most of the Tinkle-lovers are of the same opinion. I hope you will consent to amend your decision for the sake of Tinkle-lovers,

Auroop Ganguly
Durgapur, West Bengal.

November 2nd was my birthday. I got plenty of presents but the one I liked the most was my grandmother's gift. It was a set of Tinkle comics.

Sai K. Tampi.
NEW DELHI

The kids like to see the stars twinkle. Naughty kids like to steal and eat pickle, But good kids like me like to sit and read TINKLE.

Devika Sehgal
Chandigarh 160015

Uncle, I like your magazine very much. I like to meet the animals, Tinkle Tricks and Treats and Kalia the crow very much. I request you to publish some articles about space technology. For example: Space shuttles, space rockets etc. And also I request you to publish articles about Chemistry.

Nadeem Petkar
Kuwait

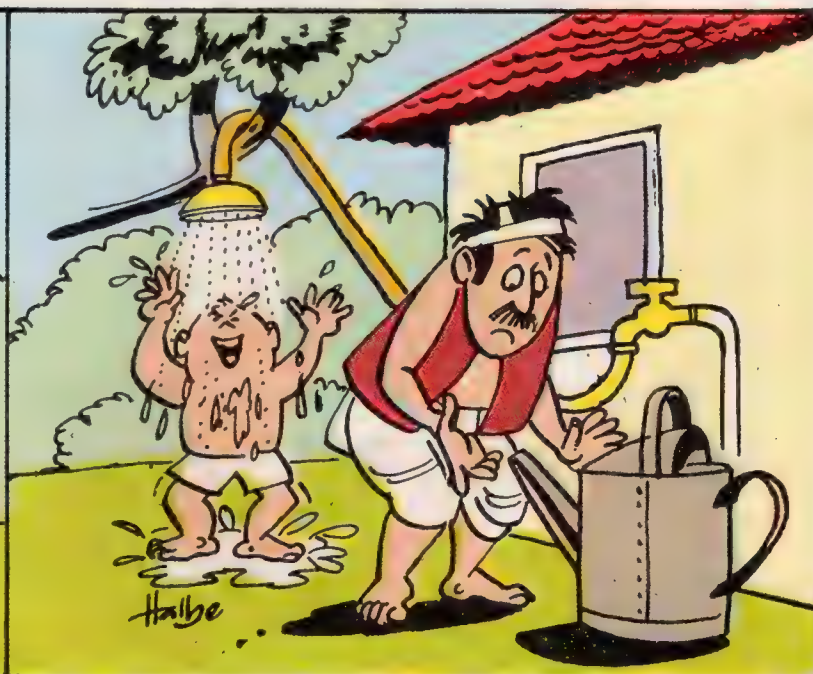
I am a regular reader of 'Tinkle'! I like it very very much. The story, Dog Detective Ranjha is very interesting. I am eagerly waiting for the next issue of 'Tinkle'.

Basit Ikkeri
Cannanore 670001

I am ten years old. Every month I rush to my nearest bookshop to get my copy of Tinkle. I enjoy reading it and everyone in my house enjoys it too.

Sutapa Gupta
Calcutta 19

See and smile



MEET THE *Baya* *Weaver*

PADDY! GRAIN! WHAT A FEAST!

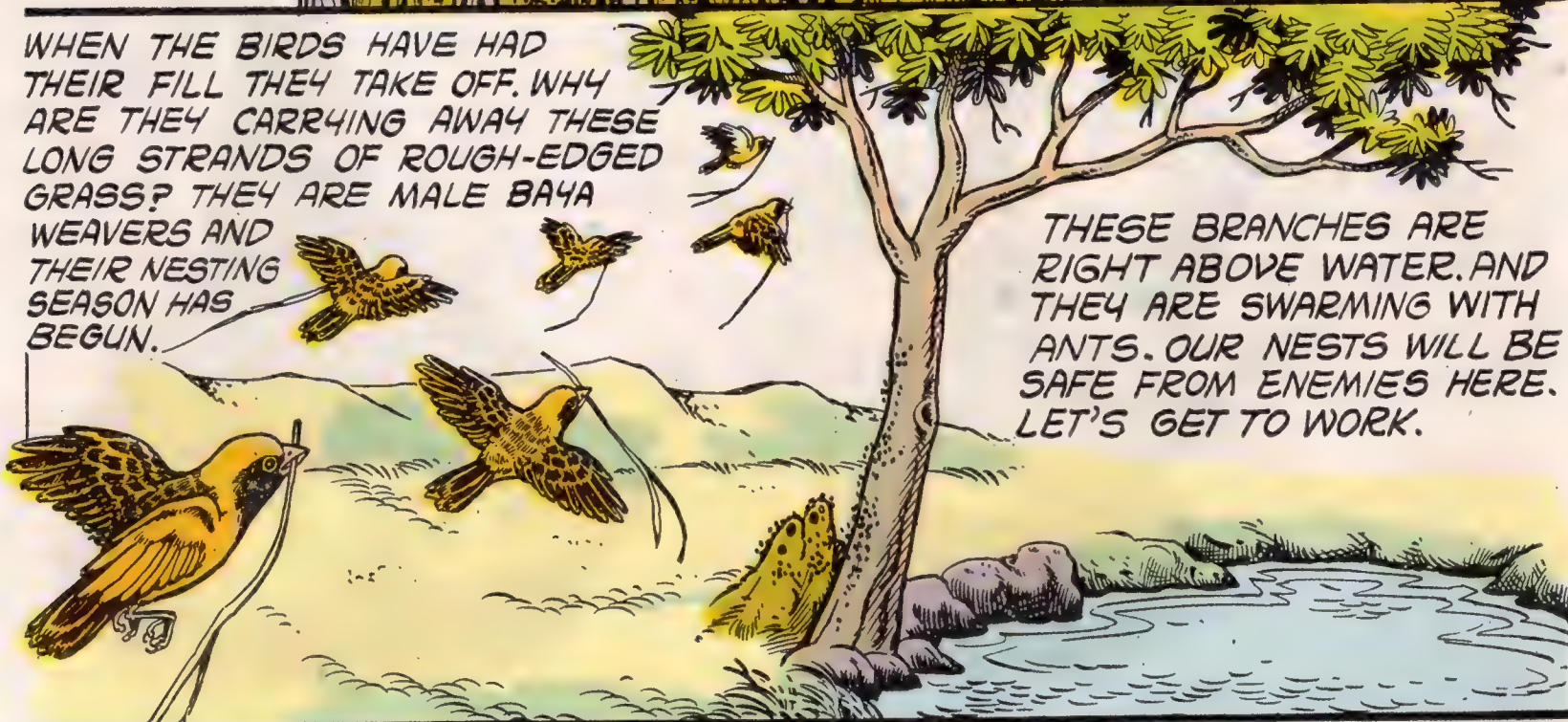
Based on material
provided by
Nandini Deshmukh

Script: Ashvin

Illustrations:
Pradeep Sathe



WHEN THE BIRDS HAVE HAD THEIR FILL THEY TAKE OFF. WHY ARE THEY CARRYING AWAY THESE LONG STRANDS OF ROUGH-EDGED GRASS? THEY ARE MALE BAYA WEAVERS AND THEIR NESTING SEASON HAS BEGUN.



THESE BRANCHES ARE RIGHT ABOVE WATER. AND THEY ARE SWARMING WITH ANTS. OUR NESTS WILL BE SAFE FROM ENEMIES HERE. LET'S GET TO WORK.

IT'S THIS YOUNG FELLOW'S FIRST SEASON. AND YET HOW CLEVERLY HE WORKS. HE HAS NEVER BEEN TAUGHT TO WEAVE A NEST, BUT HE JUST SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO. SEE HOW QUICKLY AND HOW NEATLY HE WEAVES THE LOOSE ENDS.





DOESN'T HIS NEST LOOK LIKE A HELMET? BUT IT'S NOT COMPLETED. THEN WHY HAS HE STOPPED? HE'LL COMPLETE IT ONLY WHEN A FEMALE MOVES INTO IT!

BUT WHERE ARE THE FEMALE BAYAS? AH! HERE THEY COME. A WHOLE FLOCK OF THEM!



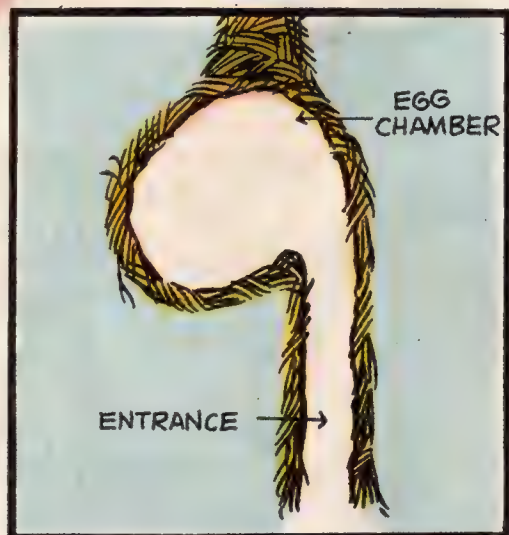
SUDDENLY ALL THE MALES BEGIN TO PRANCE AND STRUT AND CALL "CHEE-EE!" "CHEE-EE!" TO ATTRACT THEM.

AH! SHE'S INSPECTING MY NEST? WILL SHE LIKE IT? WILL SHE THINK I WEAWE NEATLY? WILL SHE BECOME MY WIFE? OUR YOUNG FRIEND IS MOST ANXIOUS!

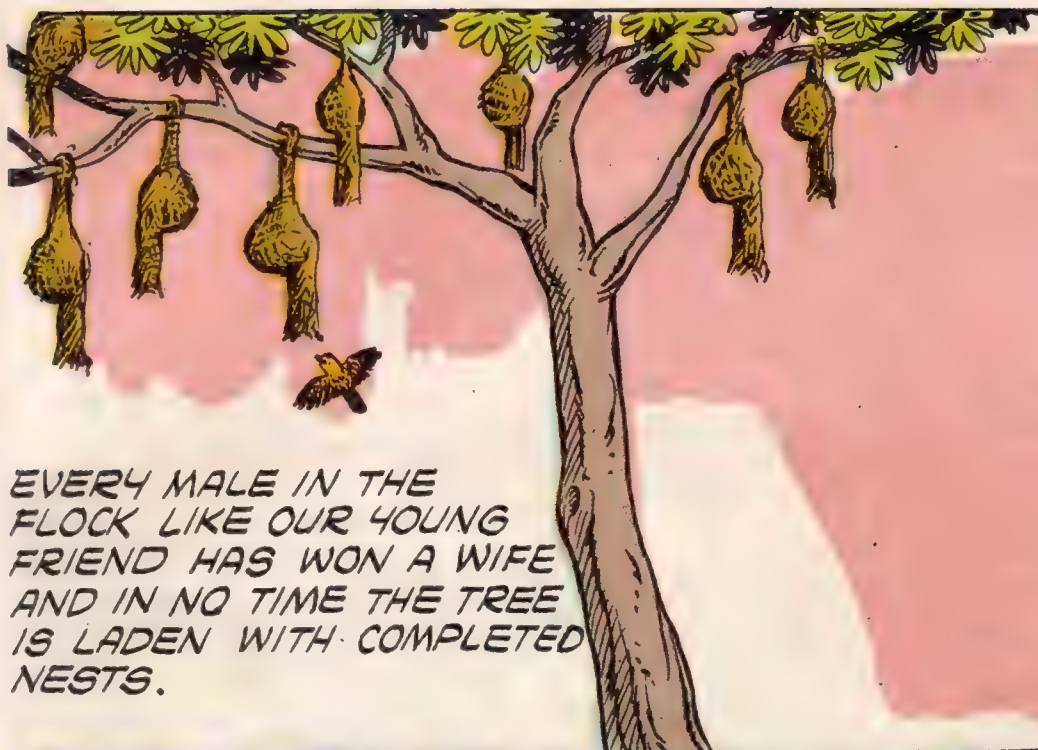
HM! GOOD WORK! I THINK I'LL LIVE HERE. OUR DELIGHTED YOUNG FRIEND FOLLOWS HER IN. THEY ARE NOW HUSBAND AND WIFE.



HERE YOU CAN SEE THE INSIDE OF THE NEST.



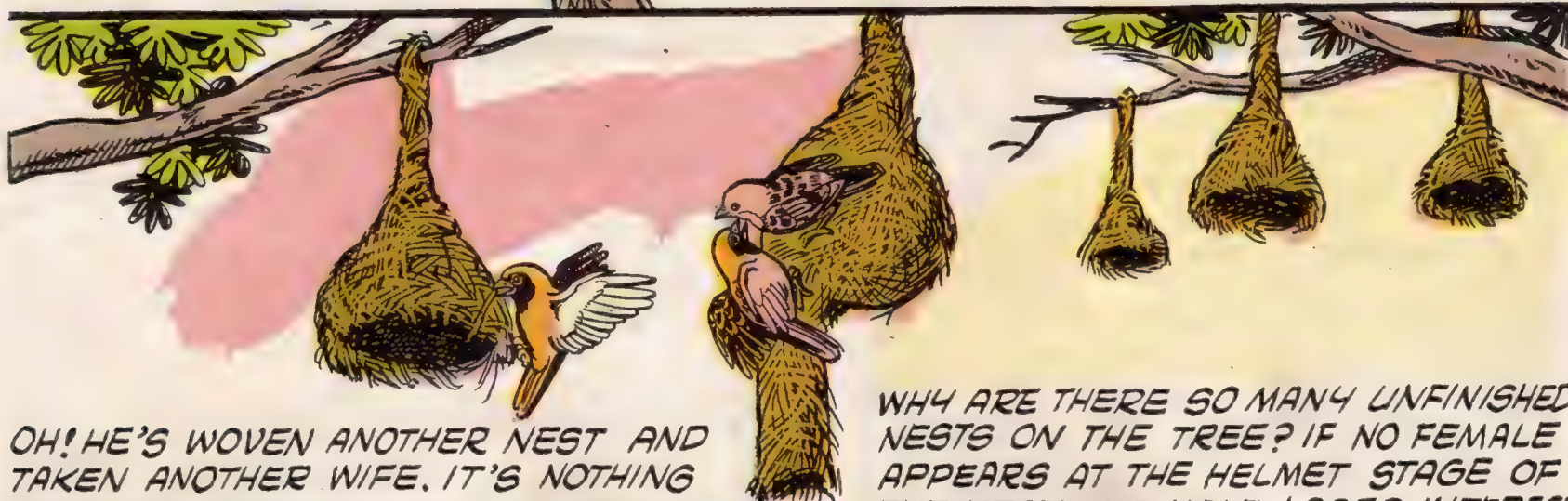
AND THEY LIVE AND WORK TOGETHER. SHE BUSIES HERSELF WITH TIDYING THE EGG CHAMBER AND HE WITH COMPLETING THE NEST. THE NEST IS READY AT LAST. EVEN SNAKES CANNOT GET AT THE EGGS IN SUCH A NEST!



EVERY MALE IN THE FLOCK LIKE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HAS WON A WIFE AND IN NO TIME THE TREE IS LADEN WITH COMPLETED NESTS.



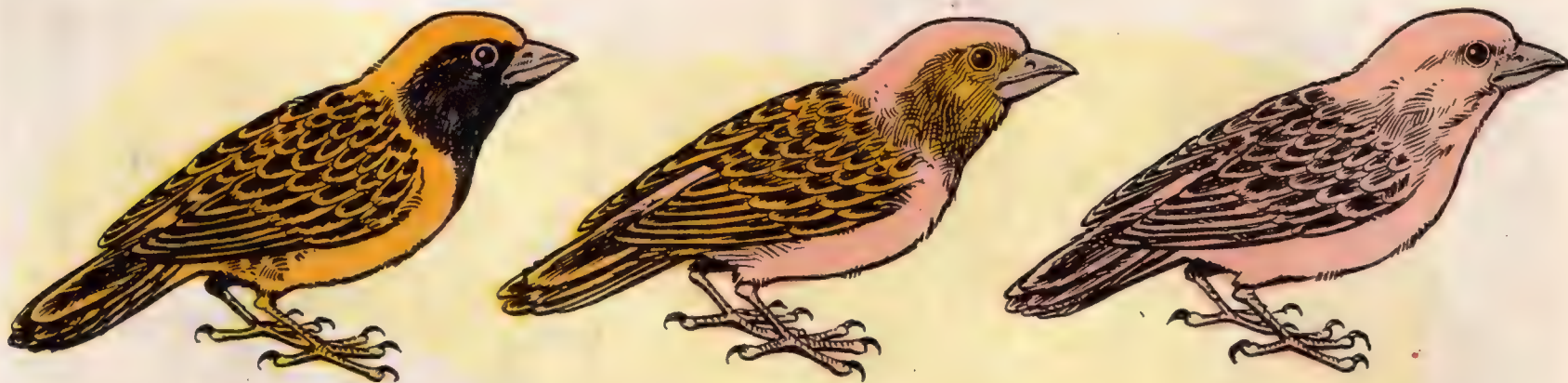
SOON MRS. BAYA LAYS THREE WHITE EGGS AND SETTLES ON THEM. WHAT'S MR. BAYA DOING?



OH! HE'S WOVEN ANOTHER NEST AND TAKEN ANOTHER WIFE. IT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL. BETWEEN MAY AND SEPTEMBER, THEIR BREEDING SEASON, EACH MALE BAYA WEAVER TAKES AT LEAST FOUR OR FIVE WIVES IN THE SAME WAY. MALES TAKE NO PART IN HATCHING THE EGGS.

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY UNFINISHED NESTS ON THE TREE? IF NO FEMALE APPEARS AT THE HELMET STAGE OF THE NEST THE MALE LOSES INTEREST IN THAT NEST AND BEGINS ON ANOTHER. IT'S THE NESTING SEASON SO HE'S GOT TO DO HIS DUTY AND WEAVE NESTS.

IT'S ALMOST SEPTEMBER. THE BREEDING SEASON HAS COME TO AN END. BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR HANDSOME FRIEND'S PLUMES? THEY HAVE BECOME AS DRAB AS HIS WIVES' PLUMES. IT'S BECAUSE THE MALES NO LONGER NEED TO ATTRACT THE FEMALES. THE PLUMES WILL NOW BECOME COLOURFUL ONLY TOWARDS THE NEXT BREEDING SEASON.



IN THE NEXT ISSUE: MEET THE QUETZAL

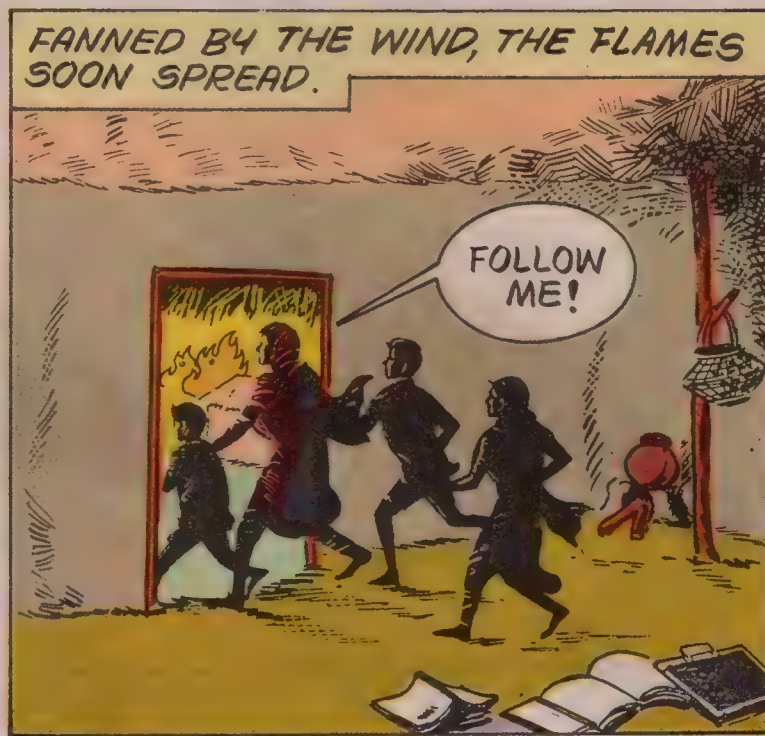
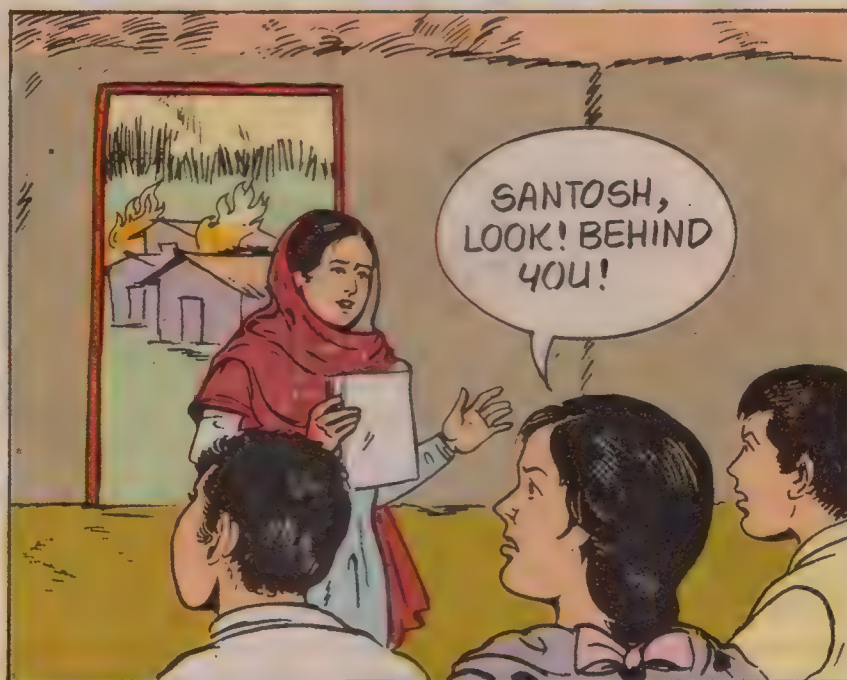
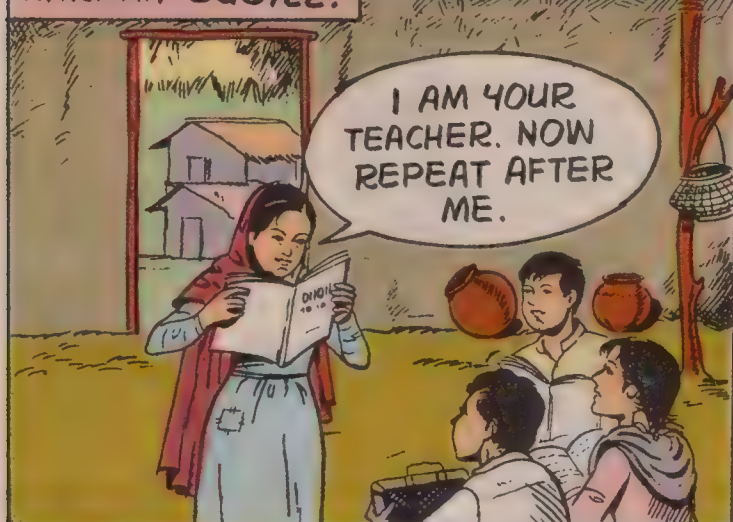
THE BULL FIGHTER

Script: Sarla Mehta
Illustrations: Anand Mande

IT WAS A DRY, HOT WINDY MAY AFTERNOON IN RANIPUR.



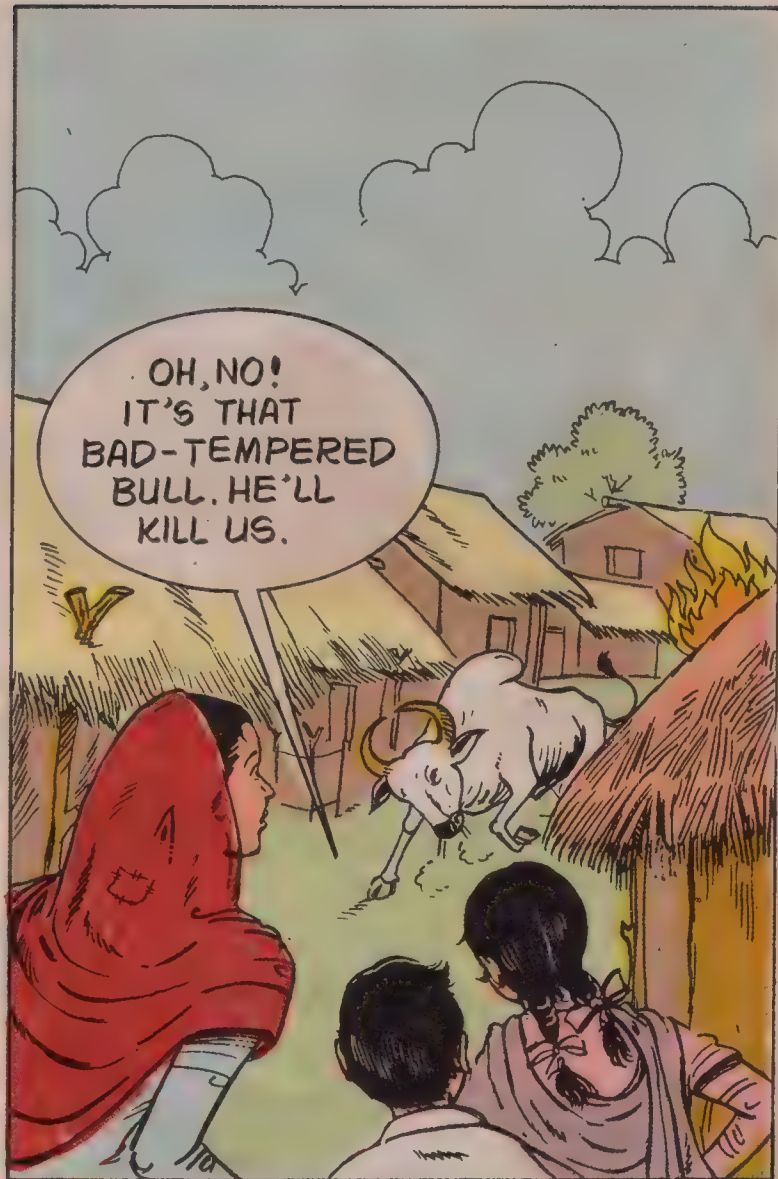
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD SANTOSH AND HER FRIENDS WERE PLAYING IN THE SHADE OF THE THATCHED HUTS, IN A CROWDED HARNAN BUSTEE.



SANTOSH LED THEM TO THE ONLY WAY
OUT OF THE BUSTEE.



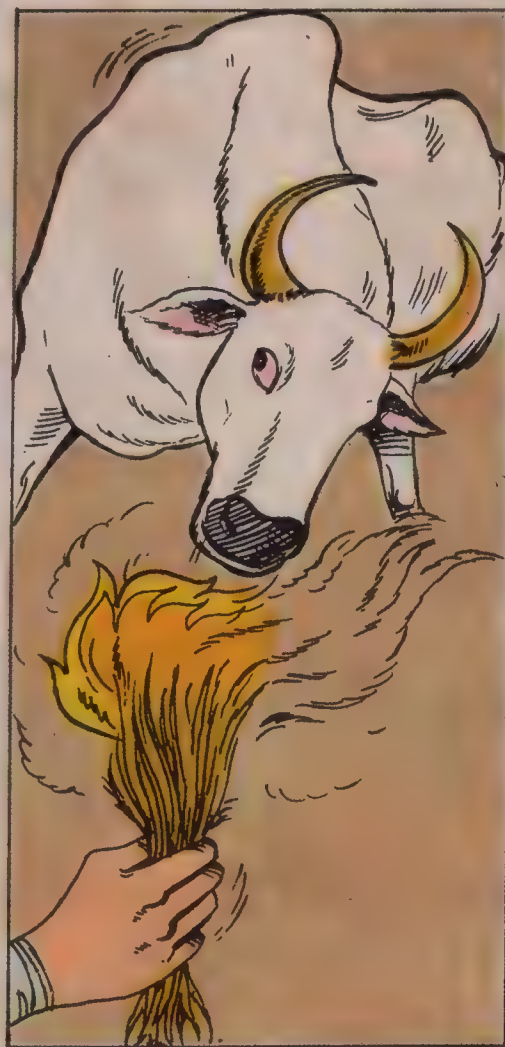
OH, NO!
IT'S THAT
BAD-TEMPERED
BULL. HE'LL
KILL US.



OH! GOD!
WHAT SHALL
WE DO
NOW?



SHE PICKED UP A
HANDFUL OF HAY AND
LIT IT FROM THE FIRE.

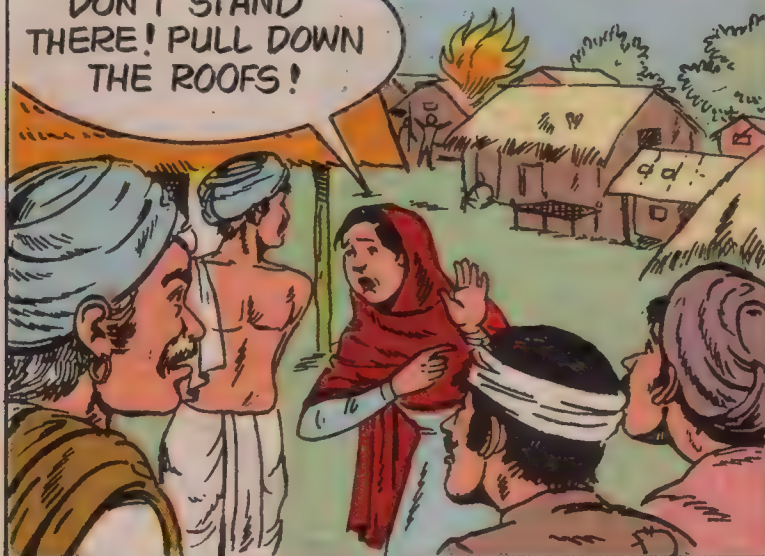




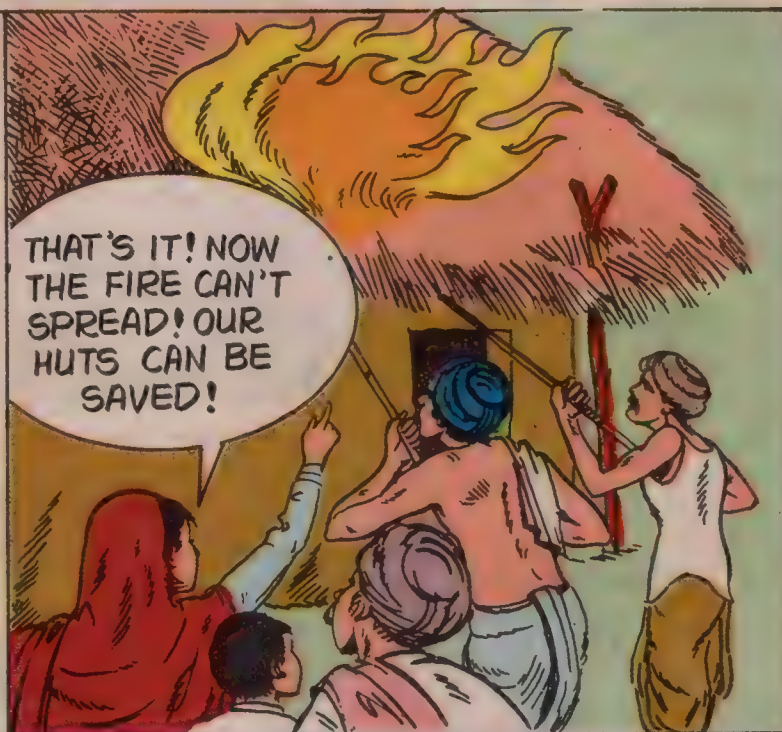
SANTOSH HAD REMEMBERED THAT ANIMALS ARE AFRAID OF FIRE.

SHE THEN HURRIED BACK TO THE HUTS WHERE THE VILLAGERS STOOD, STARING HELPLESSLY AT THE FIRE.

DON'T STAND THERE! PULL DOWN THE ROOFS!



THAT'S IT! NOW THE FIRE CAN'T SPREAD! OUR HUTS CAN BE SAVED!



SOON—



THE FIRE WAS PUT OUT, AND SANTOSH WAS THE HEROINE OF RANIPUR! FOR HER EXTRAORDINARY COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND, SANTOSH WON THE NATIONAL BRAVERY AWARD IN 1981.



THE DONKEY'S SHADOW

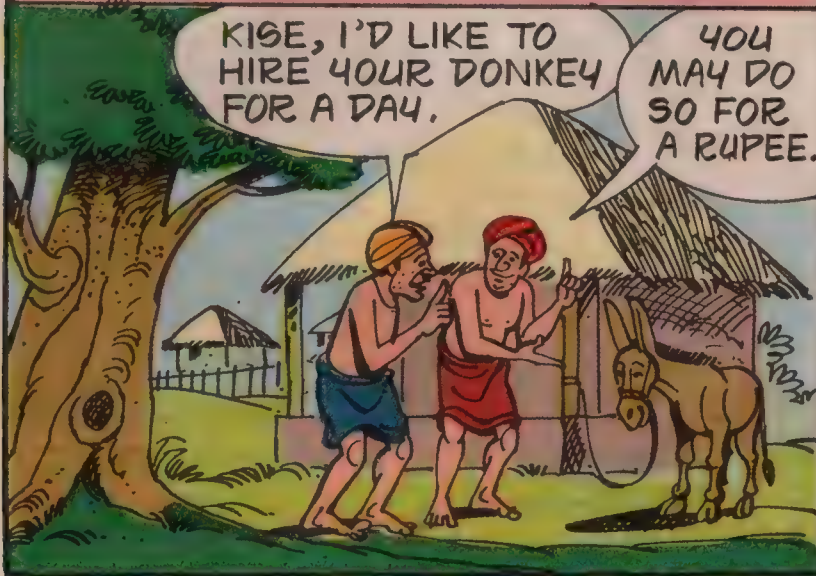
Illustrations:
Mohan Das

Readers'
Choice

Based on a
story sent by
Sumon
Bhattacharya,
Shillong



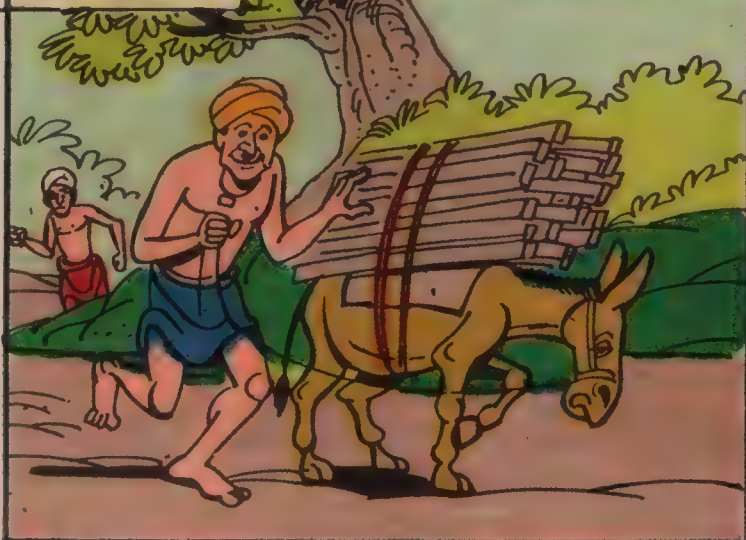
IN A SMALL TOWN THERE ONCE LIVED TWO FRIENDS, HIVAKA AND KISE. ONE DAY —



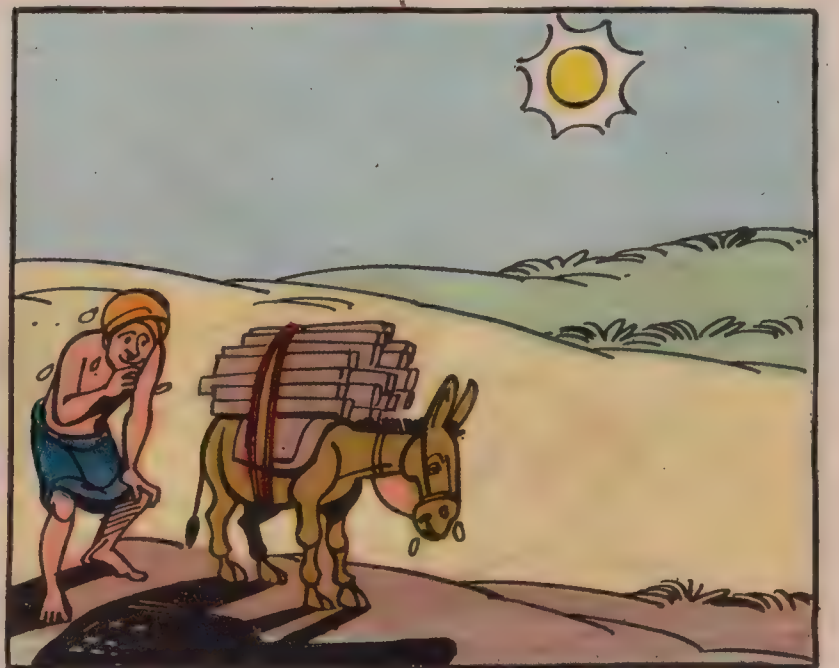
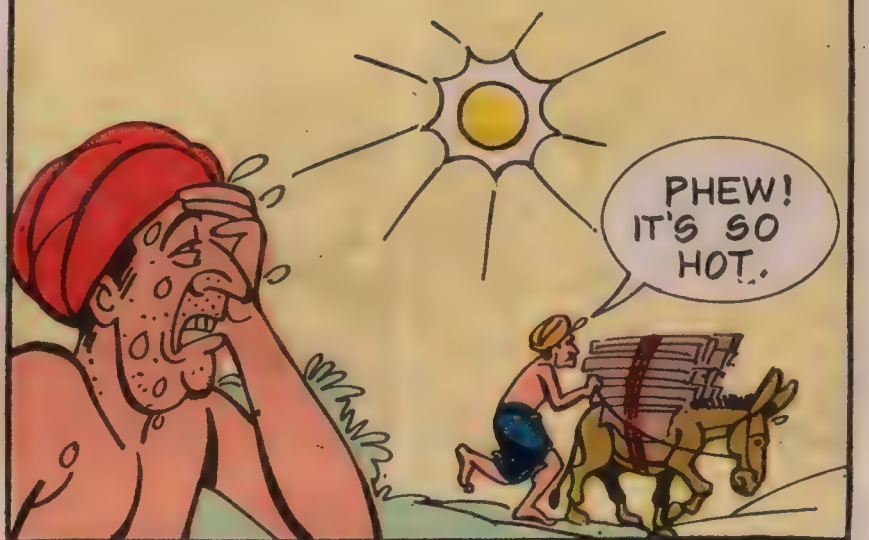
HIVAKA GAVE KISE ONE RUPEE AND TOOK THE ANIMAL WITH HIM.

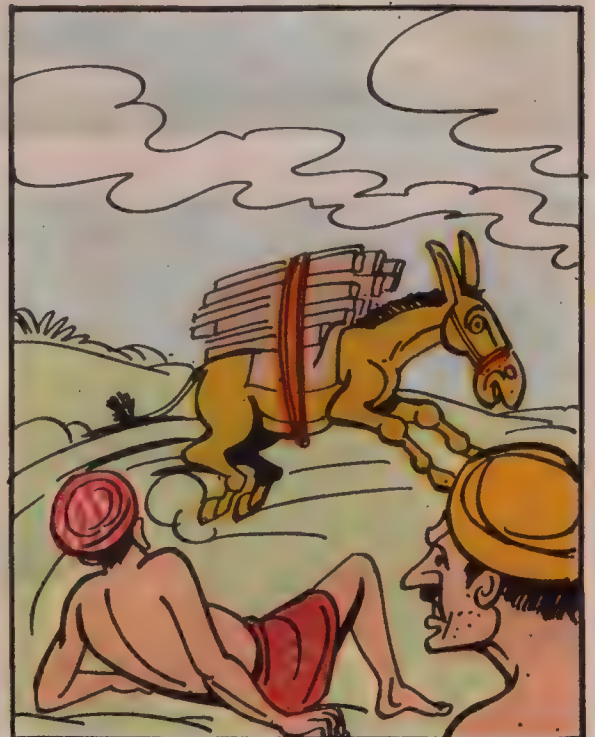
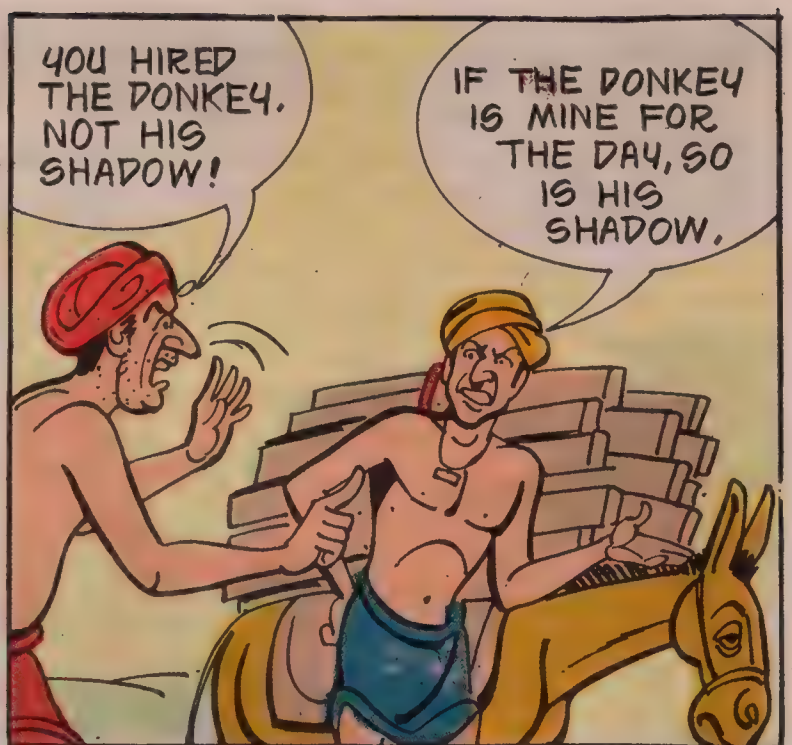
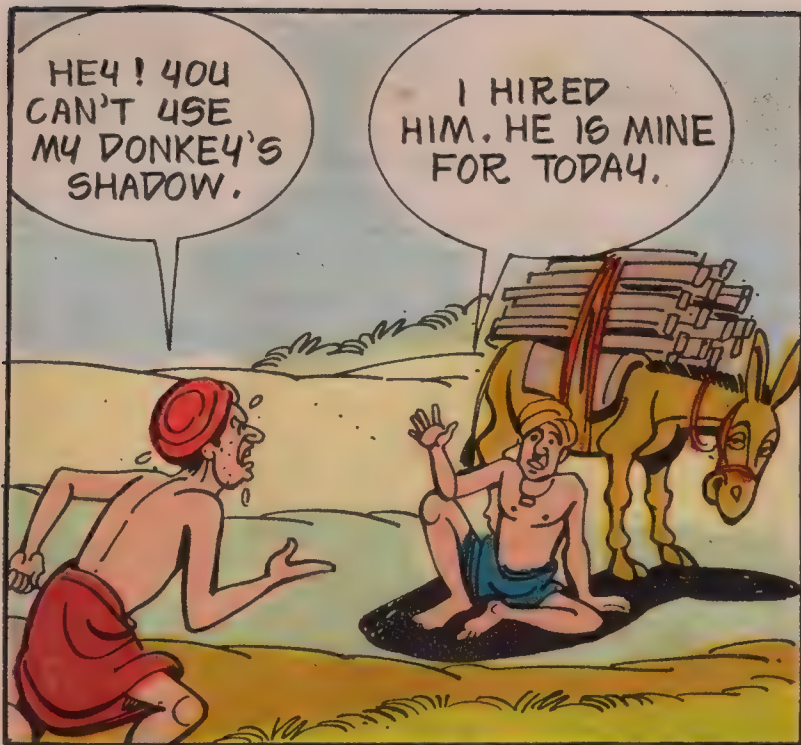


HIVAKA LOADED THE DONKEY WITH TIMBER AND SET OUT FOR THE MARKET.



TWO HOURS LATER —





THE TWO FOOLISH MEN HAD TO RUN FOR SEVERAL MILES IN THE HOT SUN BEFORE THEY COULD CATCH THE DONKEY.

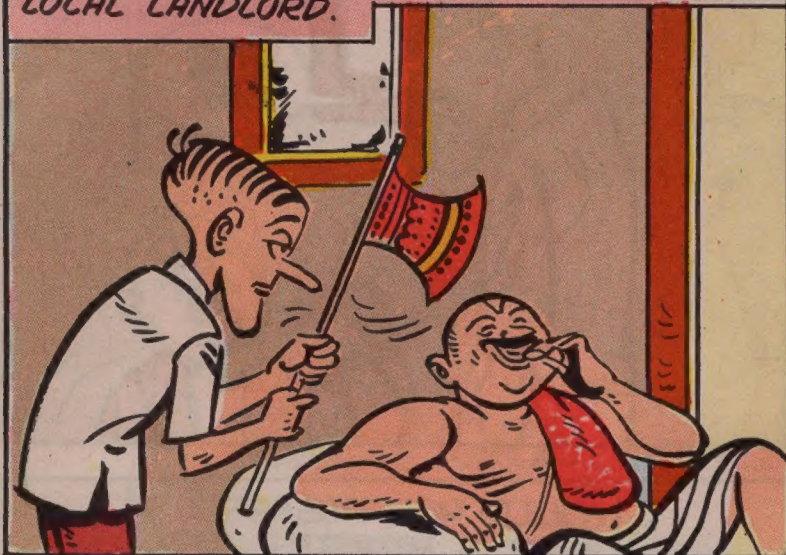
THE ADVENTURES OF SUPPANDI - 2

Based on a story sent by P. Varadarajan

Script: Chetna Shah

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONCE SUPPANDI, THE VILLAGE SIMPLETON, TOOK UP A JOB AS A SERVANT WITH A LOCAL LANDLORD.



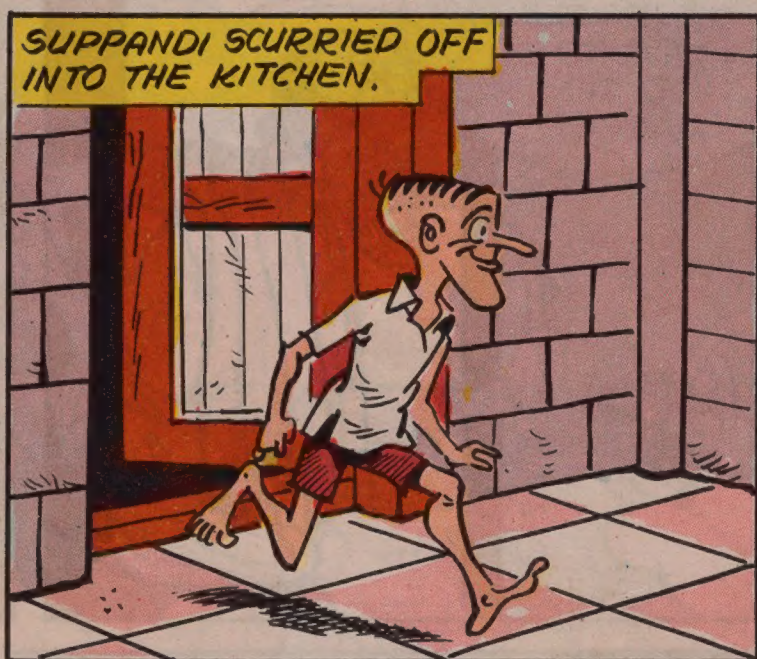
ONE DAY, THE LANDLORD HAD A GUEST.



GET SOME MURUKKU FOR MY FRIEND HERE.

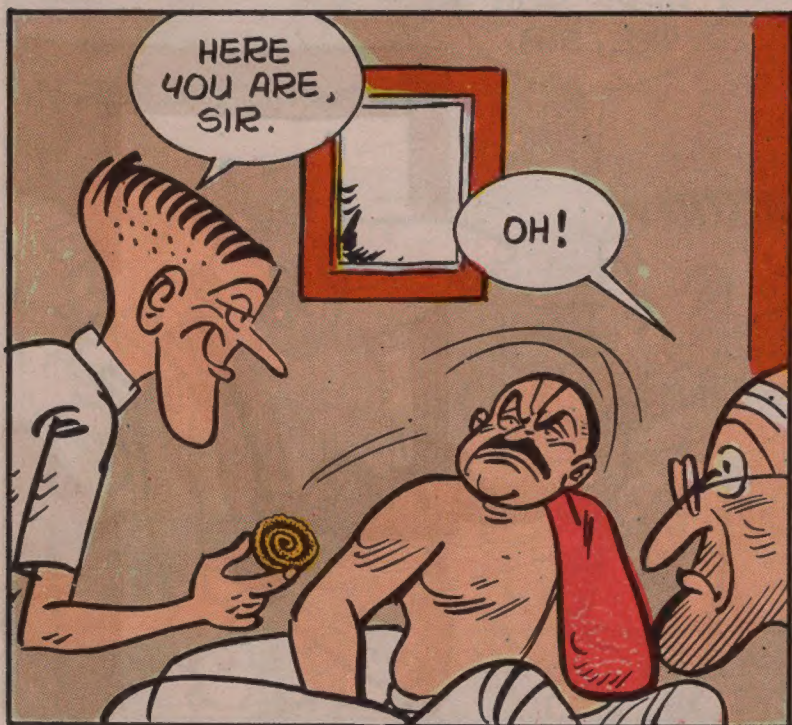


SUPPANDI SCURRIED OFF INTO THE KITCHEN.



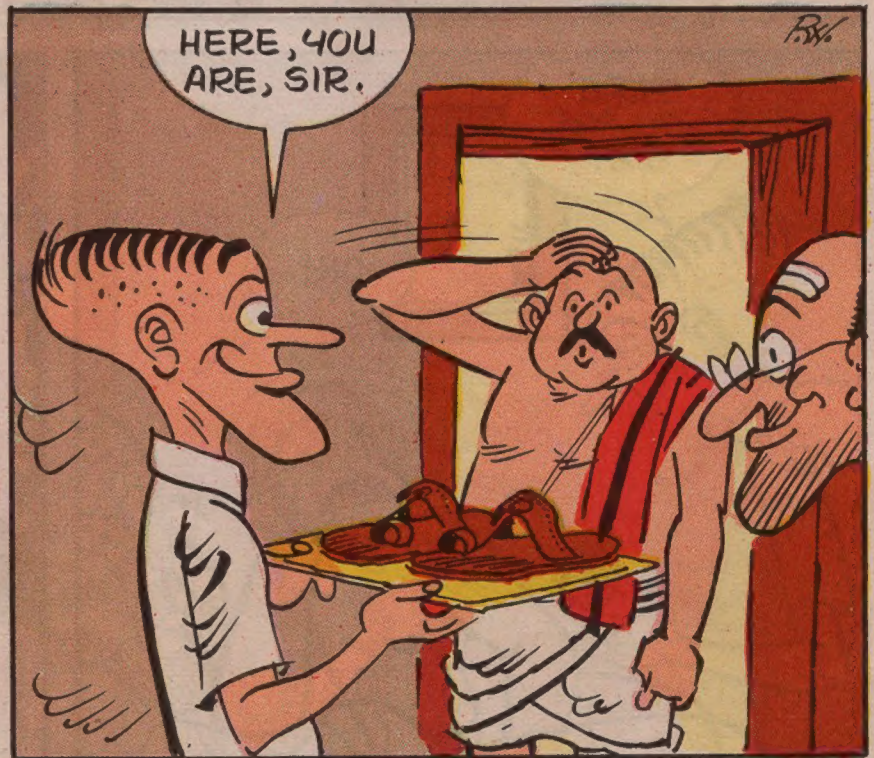
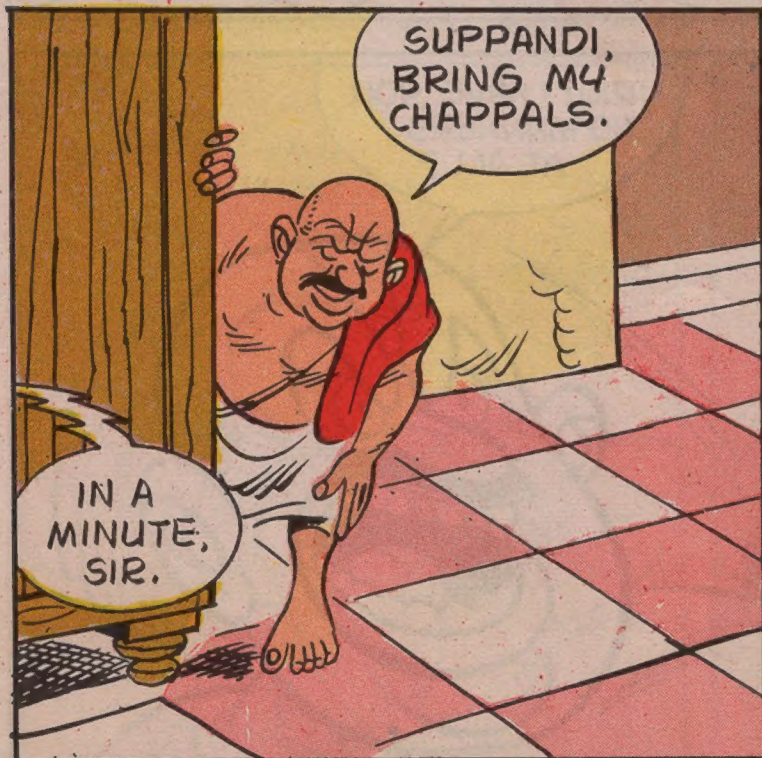
HERE YOU ARE, SIR.

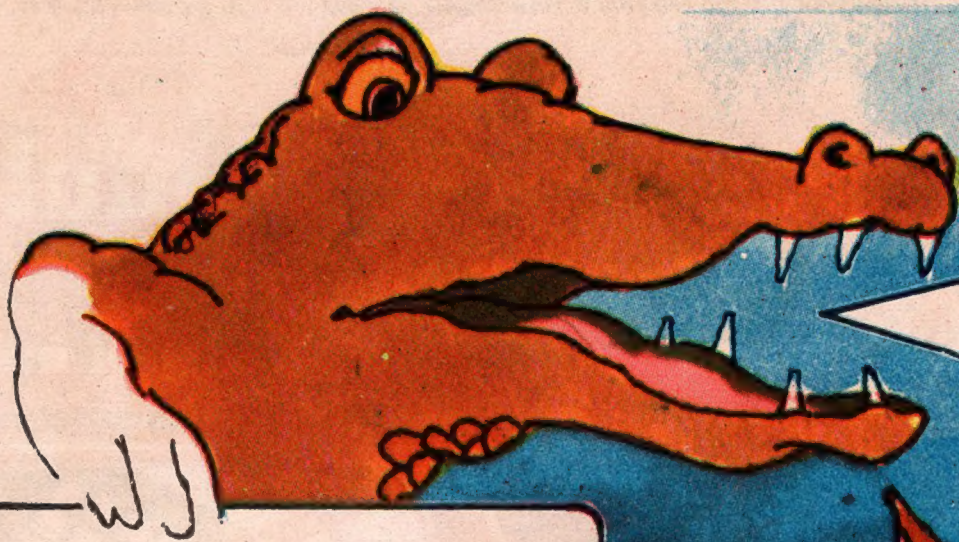
OH!



IDIOT! HAVE YOU NO MANNERS AT ALL?





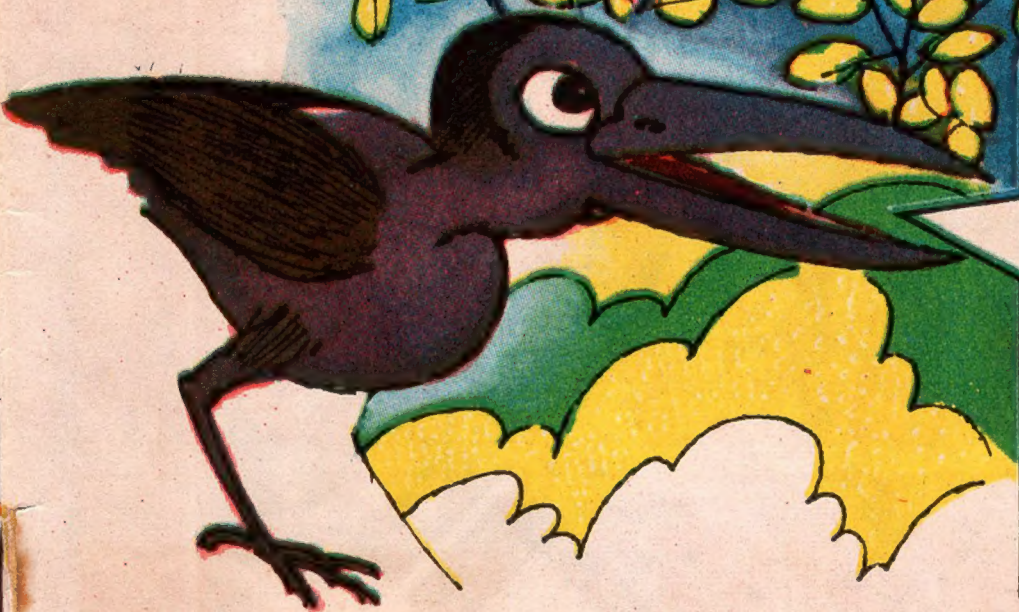


HEY KALIA
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HEARD THE
LATEST?

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